

The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 935.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



THE PRINCIPAL "OLD" GIRL AT DRURY LANE: MRS. HALLYBUT (FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS MR. GEORGE GRAVES) OF "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

As we noted in our Issue of last week, under our photographic interview—and, indeed, as all the world knows by now—Mr. George Graves is playing "Principal Old Girl" in Drury Lane pantomime. That his success as Mrs. Hallybut will be great is certain.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

LACK of space brought me up with a sudden jerk last week just as I was about to record my important and honourable impressions of an American football match. I may remind you that the scene was the great Stadium at Harvard, and the opposing teams Harvard University and Dartmouth University. Very well, then. Immediately facing me was an enormous placard bearing the word "DARTMOUTH." Beneath this were assembled in close formation the Dartmouth "cheering section" and the Dartmouth brass band. On the other side of the Stadium was the Harvard "cheering section" and the Harvard brass band. The Dartmouth cheering section was under the control of two gentlemen who kept their backs to the game the greater part of the afternoon. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to keep the supporters of Dartmouth in a constant state of mental and tracheal inflammation. One of these gentlemen was short and stout, the other was taller and very wiry. The stout gentleman was content to stand in front of the cheerers, and beat time for the cheers by throwing his arms, spasmodically, from right to left. The thin and wiry man went much further than that. He danced to and fro, all the afternoon, from one end of the cheering section to the other. Even to the Harvardians and the Bostonians he came rather in the nature of a surprise, so you may imagine how he astonished and fascinated an innocent Britisher.

I must tell you some more about that dancer. He did not dance as King David danced, neither did he cake-walk. It was a sort of sideways jump, and undoubtedly had a maddening effect on the cheerers. If the Dartmouth team had only been able to watch him, they might have won the match instead of losing by, I think, eighteen points to nothing.

Still, the fact that the game was so one-sided did not seem to spoil the sport for the onlookers. On the contrary, the higher the Harvard score climbed, the more they were urged to get at their opponents and inflict upon them a defeat from the shame of which they should never recover. "Get more! Get more!" was the cry. "Make it a hundred, Harvard! You've got 'em beat to a frazzle, the dogs! Get more! Get more!"

This encouragement, of course, was unofficial and unorganised. The mothers, cousins, aunts, and sisters of the undergraduates were responsible for a very fair share of it. The excitement and enthusiasm of the women, indeed, struck me as most extraordinary. In England, if a woman goes to a football match, she spends half the time in criticising the colours of the jerseys, and the other in lamenting the fact that her feet are so cold. There is nothing of that sort about the American woman. Whether it is assumed or not I cannot say, but she appears ready to swoon with excitement at any given point in the game. Directly the teams appear on the field, she begins to call out, jump up and down in her seat, and clap her hands. When the ball is kicked off, she laughs low, long, and shiveringly. When somebody picks it up, she leaps to her feet, crying, "He's got it! Oh, you would, would you! No, you don't, my boy!" If a player runs ten yards with the ball, which is a considerable run in American football, she beats her clenched fists on the shoulders of the person in front of her, ejaculating, "Oh! Oh, my land! There he goes! Oh, my land, my land!"

The incident over, there is a prodigious scrambling for rugs, hot-bottles, and all the other paraphernalia with which she comes provided. As most of these comforts have slipped to the ground between the seats, the gentleman in attendance has to squeeze his body through a twelve-inch space, hang by his toes to the seat, and be hauled up, by-and-by, on the verge of apoplexy. He knows very well that the next time anyone runs a few yards with the ball it will happen over again, but that does not matter. His

wife is out for an afternoon's football, and the life of a husband more or less is a trivial thing on so momentous an occasion.

I have said nothing as yet about the players. The players are heroes to a man. "I hear," said a Harvard undergraduate to me as we were walking back to his rooms after the match, "that one of our Freshmen had his neck broken this afternoon in the game against the Yale Freshmen."

"Dear, dear!" I replied. "I'm awfully sorry to hear that!"

"Yes," my friend continued, "so was I. If it's correct, we shall have to postpone the Harvard-Yale match next Saturday."

One of this boy's most intimate friends had two teeth knocked out during the course of the game I witnessed, and at least ten men retired before the end of the match.

"What a fuss about a couple of broken toes!" said a woman next to me as one poor fellow hobbled past.

I took a good look at her. She was young and not ill-favoured. You would never have supposed her capable of such ferocity. It was the excitement of the game, of course, bringing the primitive barbarism to the surface; but, after making every allowance for this extraordinary passion, I was astonished.

The American game, as you know, is divided into four parts. At the conclusion of each part, a man dashes on to the ground with water in a huge bottle and more water in a bucket. The players drink out of the bottle and wash their hands in the bucket. In the meantime, the bands play patriotic tunes and the cheering sections cheer like mad. Really, it is all very wonderful—very wonderful and interesting indeed.

At last the game is over. In England, when the game is over, we melt silently away. Not so in America. There is a great deal more to come. Everybody rushes on to the ground, and there takes place a sort of procession of glory, headed by the band. Thousands of caps are thrown over the cross-bar, the members of the victorious team are escorted in triumph and with full musical honours to the pavilion, and thence to their own rooms.

For my part, I had the privilege of "keeping it up" with certain members of the Harvard team until nearly midnight. "The Arcadians" was being performed in Boston for the last time, and the management had placed the stage-boxes at the disposal of the young heroes of the hour. I was courteously invited to join them, and a merry time we had of it. It will be many a month, I fancy, before the little leading lady forgets the twelve encores for her dance, or the gift of the football that was thrown to her across the footlights. Immediately in front of me sat the young hero who had lost two teeth during the afternoon. What mattered a tooth or so? I warrant you that he was the merriest and maddest there.

In conclusion, I should like to recount a rather pretty little incident. It so happened that I had to catch the midnight train to New York, and a good many of the boys were on the platform. One of them, to whom I was introduced as coming from Oxford, told me that his home was in Devonshire. I immediately began to hum that famous old song—

Tam Pearce, Tam Pearce, lend me thy grey mare—
All along, out along, down along lay!
Vur I wants vur to go to Widdicombe Vair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stour, Peter Gurney, Peter Winnel,
Dan'l 'Ardy, 'Arry 'Ock, Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all!

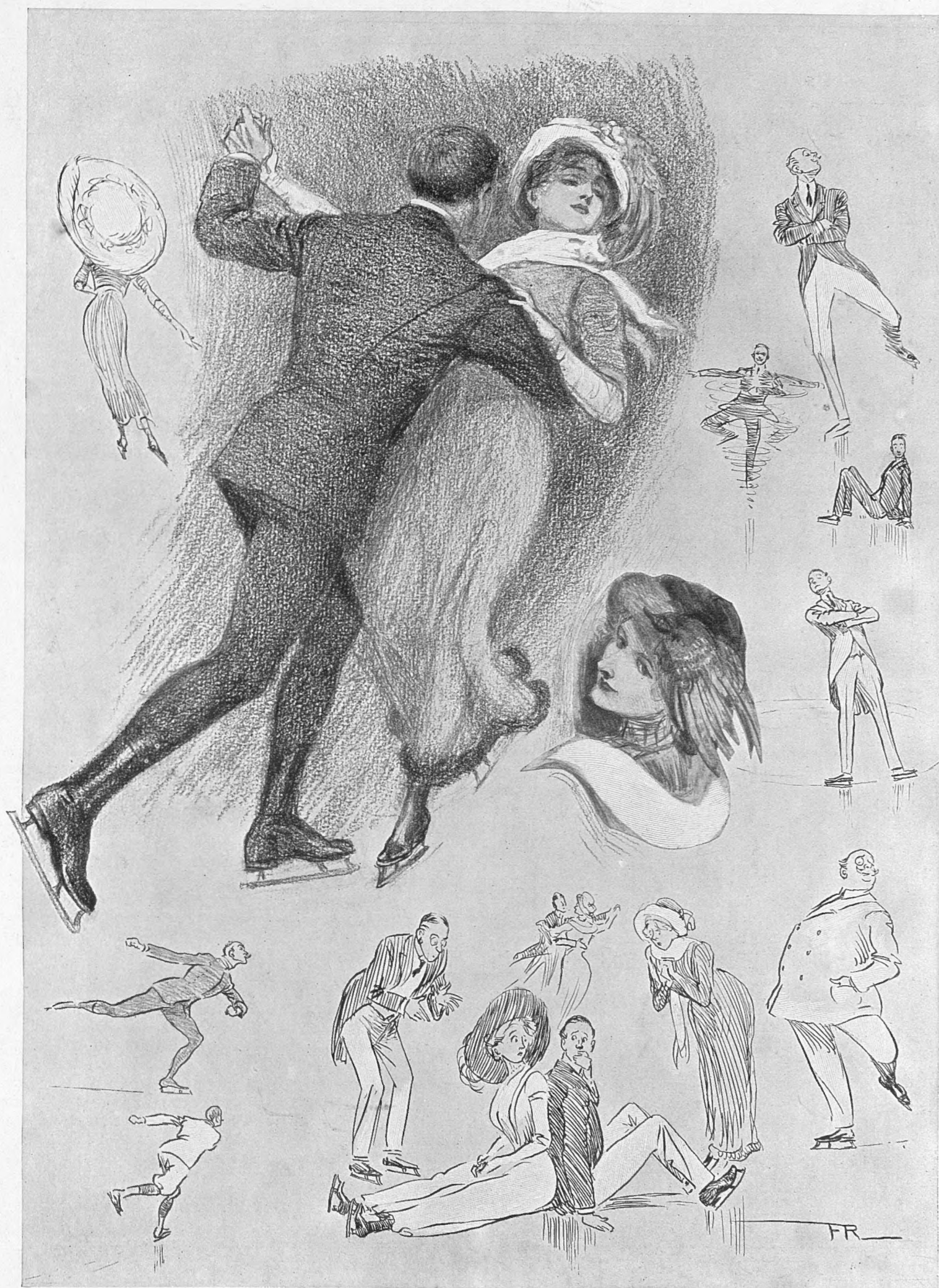
"You'll make me cry," he said, "if you sing that!"

"Why don't you help me?" I retorted.

So he did. After the second time over, the other boys caught on to the tune, and the station at Boston, Massachusetts, was presently ringing with the fine old Devonshire air! My young Devonshire friend was so delighted that he insisted on putting my bag into the train for me. As we rolled out of the station, the last thing I heard was—

Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all!

WHERE THE ROLLER DOES NOT REIGN.



DEVOTEES OF REAL ICE: SKETCHES AT THE FAMOUS PRINCE'S SKATING-RINK.

Despite the popularity of roller-skates—perhaps, indeed, in a measure because of it—skating on real ice at Prince's remains in high-favour with Society.

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MODERN WOMAN'S WEAPON: THE ART OF THE CIGARETTE.

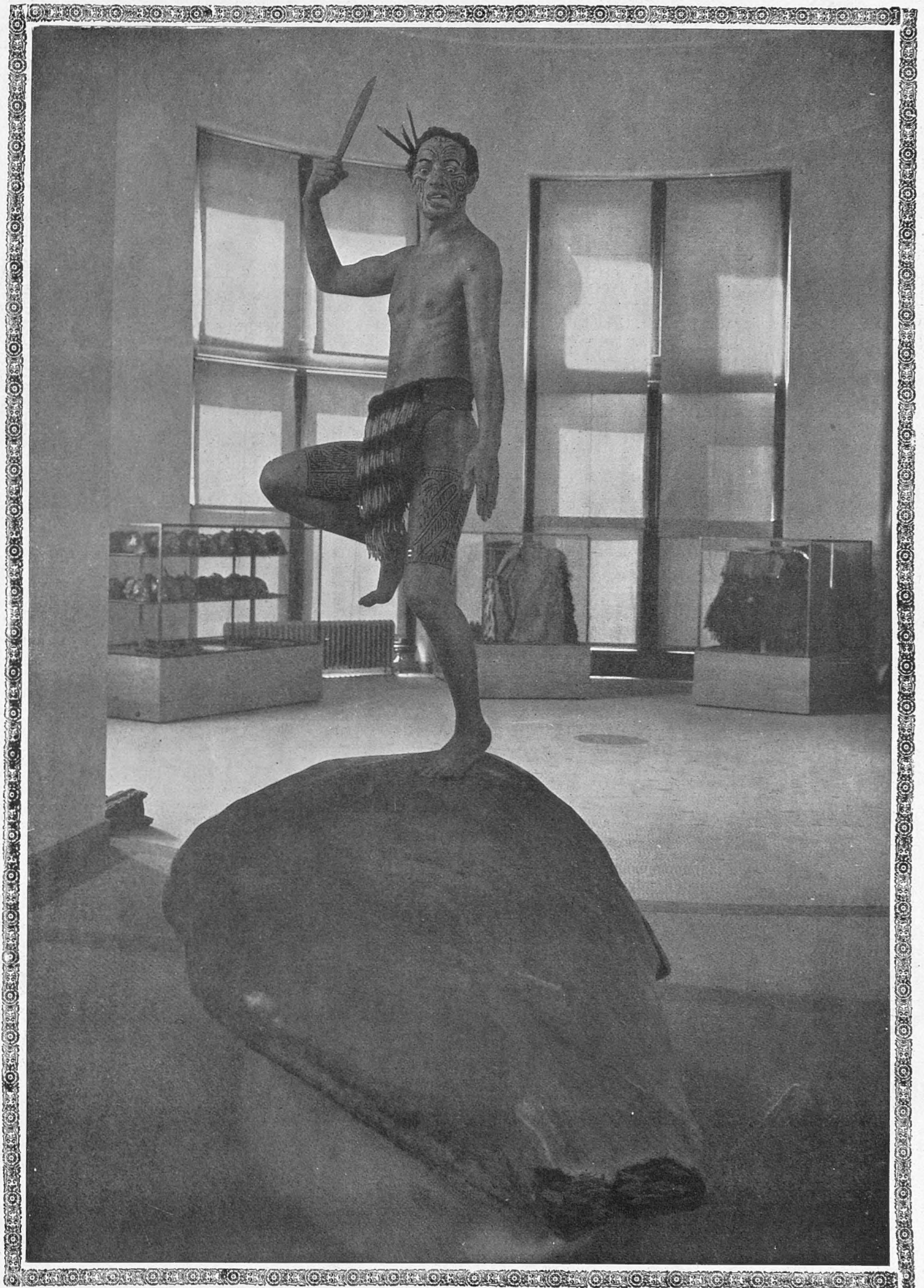


THE NICE CONDUCT OF A CLOUDED—"SMOKE": MLE. SATRANY DJELI.

Mlle. Satrany Djeli, here shown illustrating the nice conduct of a clouded "smoke"—how the cigarette, modern woman's weapon, may be most gracefully handled—is to make her London début at the Hippodrome on the 30th of this month. She has just been attracting large audiences by her performance, in Paris, in "La Craneuse de Xanrof."

Photographs by Walery.

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its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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THE CLUBMAN

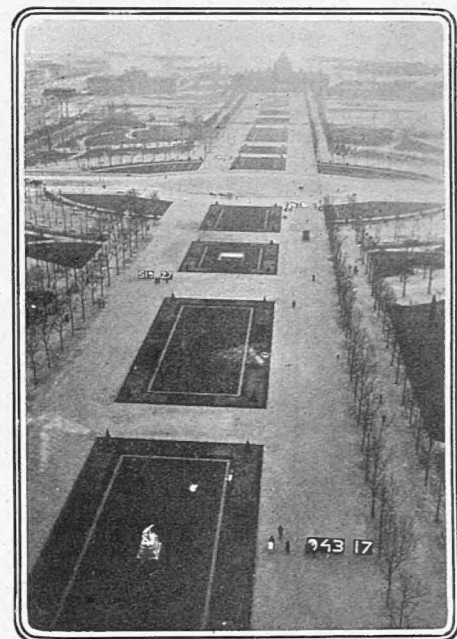
Paris Toys.

The little booths for the sale of all kinds of useless trifles now line the great boulevards of Paris, to which city of light I have gone to escape from the desolation of London at Christmas-time; and all the Parisian small boys, and many of the older people, are buying all kinds of pretty rubbish just for the sake of shopping. Visiting-cards, with names printed on them by a little hand-

press; four little oranges in a bag of string netting; non-flammable boot-polish, as though burning boots were a danger to life—are some of the trifles pressed on the crowd at ridiculously cheap prices. The most interesting goods, however, are the mechanical toys. There is an organ-grinder who turns the handle of his organ with one hand and takes off his hat with the other; there is a minister preaching in a pulpit, and a perruquier shampooing the head of a bald customer; there are two waltzers clasping each other tightly; and, best of all, there is a lady in a hobble skirt who progresses with ridiculously short steps.

the water from his feet upwards is recorded in all the papers. The Parisians jest at all their troubles, and they are now making merry over the latest plan for suppressing the floods, which is to deepen the channel of the Seine by twelve feet from its mouth up to Paris. Large ships would be able to steam up to the city should all this dredging be done. But the Parisians have heard of many such schemes before, and know that they end in nothing. Punning on the similarity between "ink" and "anchor" in French, they call this the "encre" scheme. One humourist points out that any Parisian embarking for England will in future be patriotically pleased that he will be able to be seasick before he leaves Paris. In the meantime the Seine in flood continues to be one of the winter sights of Paris.

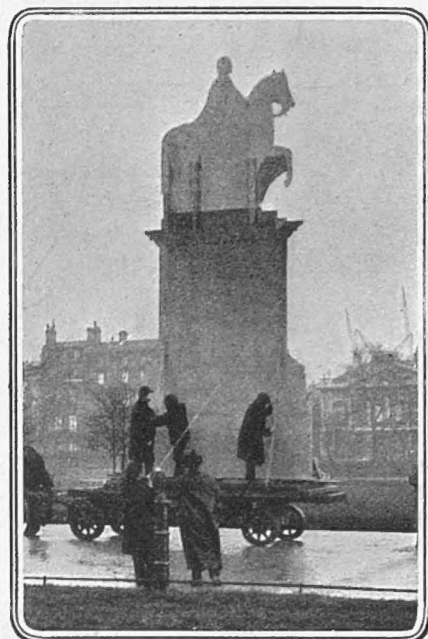
The Englishing of France progresses apace. The French children play lawn-tennis now more skilfully than our British boys and girls do; football is a favourite sport in every French village, five o'clock tea has become a French institution, and both polo and golf are becoming popular with the best class of young Frenchmen. Our plum-puddings and our boxing are the latest things Britannic to be taken into favour. In two or three Parisian grocers' shops I have this winter seen advertised that "Le Véritable Plumpoudin Anglais" could be bought there; and one establishment filled its windows with the puddings in white pudding-bowls, covered with linen napkins, and with a sprig of holly thrust under the tape which fastened down



AIR-SIGNS FOR FLYING-MEN: EXPERIMENTS WITH FIGURES MADE OF SILVERED GLASS BALLS.

Our photograph, taken from the first platform of the Eiffel Tower, which is 100 mètres (325 feet) from the ground, shows experiments with silvered glass balls making up letters, the idea being to place such letters on various spots to mark the way for airmen.

Photograph by Branger.



SEEKING A SITE FOR THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL STATUE: MANŒUVRING A DUMMY IN THE GREEN PARK.

That the King might be able to form an idea as to the best site for the King Edward Memorial statue, this wooden, flat dummy was placed in various positions. The King watched the proceedings from a window of Buckingham Palace.

Photograph by Record Press.

ettes," at the Française. A notice told me that the poor-tax was covered by the increased price, but that I found a meagre consolation. If the Parisian managers would give their stall audiences the comfortable chairs to which we are accustomed in London, I should not consider that the half-guinea was too high a price; but to be so squeezed in that one a'ways overlaps one's neighbour, and to knock one's knees against the seat immediately in front, and to pay top price for this uncomfortable seating raises the grumbler's spirit in me. The waiters at the restaurants now do not say "Thank you" for the tip of a franc for each louis of a dinner-bill, and most of the restaurants have raised the prices on their *à la carte* bills-of-fare. Some of the sums charged for the *réveillon* suppers on the night before Christmas Day seem to me extortionate. One restaurant much patronised by English and Americans put the price of its supper at sixty francs a head without wine.

The Seine. Prices are not the only things which are rising in Paris, for the Seine keeps at a threatening height, and people in the low-lying districts of the city keep a watchful eye on the great stone Zouave who stands before a pier of one of the bridges. That Zouave's waistbelt is a danger-mark, and the progress of

Prices on A stall in a theatre now is the Rise, just as expensive a luxury in Paris as it is in London. I paid thirteen francs to see the "Bois Sacré," at the Vaudeville, and the same sum to see "Les Marion-



A FUTURE SKY-PILOT! THE FIRST PRIEST TO BE A PASSENGER ON AN AEROPLANE, IN FRANCE.

The Abbé Decey, here shown, is the first cleric to take to the air as a passenger. Formerly he was a teacher of the flying-man Marcel Hanriot; now the pupil has become professor in turn and is teaching his old master.

The victory was always given to the French boy, even when the Englishman seemed to English eyes to have very much the better of the contest; but perhaps this was done to encourage a nascent French sport.

Le Boxe Anglais. I went to one of the boxing exhibitions with some of the enthusiasts and shared to a certain extent their enthusiasm when French lads stood up for ten hard-fought rounds against English boxers.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



MISS Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler says that the highest type of woman is she who brings comfort and happiness into her home. She had better keep clear of the Suffragettes after uttering these reactionary and Early Victorian sentiments.

Mr. Carnegie has transferred two millions sterling to trustees for the purpose of putting down war. His favourite game this Christmas is dressing up as King Canute and Mrs. Partington on alternate nights.

Swiss wives are protesting against their husbands being given a Saturday half-holiday. This is both thoughtless and unkind. How is a man to spend his week's wages if he is not allowed to devote Saturday afternoon to that purpose?

One of the ultra X-rays is believed to possess the property of making short men tall. This only complicates matters, for the man who is unable to absorb these rays will still remain comparatively short. Nature is nothing if not unequal.

Two men have been sent to prison for attempting to sell bottles of water as whisky. The way of the practical temperance reformer is hard.



EHEU FUGACES!

These last days of the year are given to good resolutions; Every New Year's Day prompts us to turn over leaves,

Make new rules for our lives, and outline new constitutions, Hoping that next New Year we shall return with our sheaves.

But as the months fly past and the damp and damnable winter Turns to an equally damp, equally damnable June,

Suddenly each of us finds that business and pleasure have inter-

Fered to make good resolves thoroughly inopportune.

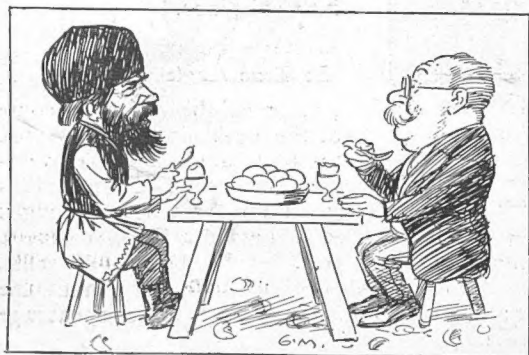
According to its own account, Johannesburg is the dirtiest and dustiest city in the British Empire. It is a grand thing to hold a record, even if it is only for dirt.

IN A RESTAURANT.

PRECISE OLD GENTLEMAN: Waiter! Bring me a portion of Christmas pudding, please.

HURRIED WAITER (over his shoulder): One Christmas!

LANGUID BOY (calling down lift): One X!



Eggs are likely to rise in price in England, because the Russians and the Germans have taken to eating their own eggs instead of exporting them to us. The greediness of these foreigners is something beyond belief.

It was a woman secretary who told an interviewer last week that she eats onions very often, because they are so good for the complexion. Most employers think that onions are too high a price to pay even for a secretary's perfect skin.

The birth-rate of Gulf Streams is going up. But the latest little stranger is at present fiddling about round Nova Zembla, where nobody wants it, instead of coming here, where it might do something towards warming us up a bit.



"Eat two meals a day and live to a good old age," says Dr. Stenson. Why waste time? Eat four meals a day and you will get it over twice as quickly. This is palatable advice for Christmas and the New Year.

Fresh fruit is an admirable stimulant for speakers, says the *Daily Mirror*. That depends. Some of the speakers at the recent Election found an over-ripe orange in the eye-ball extremely disconcerting.

Very amusing are the new gold charms which are being sent as presents this Christmas, such as a puppy for a young man, a pig for an old man, and a cat for a woman. The people least amused are the recipients.



Which is the more worthy of being framed, glazed, and jewelled in seven holes—the man who takes a shabby old umbrella in mistake for his own, or the man who advertises for the owner of the new umbrella which was left behind?



THE NEW HAIR-RESTORER.

("Extreme cold doubtlessly strengthens one's hair." — Sir Ernest Shackleton.)

If you want to grow a head of hyacinthine hairiness, Rivaling the chevelure of Samson in his prime, Do not stop in England in a spirit of contrariness: Trying hair-restorers is a silly waste of time. Buy a coat that's lined with fur in fashion magisterial, Join an expedition that is going to the Pole—

Arctic or Antarctic is completely immaterial— The freeziest locality on earth should be your goal.

The reasons for your journey are not hidden in obscurity,

Frost is the specific for a baldish millionaire: The circumpolar atmosphere of germicidal purity Kills the wicked microbes that are browsing on your hair.

But if you can't afford to be an Arctic expeditioner—

And you'll need both time and money if you're going to be that —

It's considerably cheaper to remain as a practitioner Of the simple dodge of putting ice each morning in your hat.

Professor Bell's learned Skye terrier has been taught to ask after his grandmother's health, by saying, "Ow ah oo ga-ma-ma?" If she is a dog of spirit she probably replied by biting a piece out of his hind-leg.



THE PEER PENNILESS BUT PERKY; AND THE HON. CINDERELLA.

"OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



1. "BUT HE'S MADE A POT OF MONEY, AND HE STARTED WITH A POT — OF MARMALADE!" LORD PUNTERFIELD (MR. CYRIL MAUDE), THE IMPECUNIOUS PEER, WONDERS HOW IT'S DONE.
3. PERKY BUT PENNILESS; LORD PUNTERFIELD REGRETS THAT THE BRITISH PEERAGE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

2. "THE HON. CINDERELLA": LORD PUNTERFIELD'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER (MISS MARGERY MAUDE), WHOSE STAGE FATHER IS HER REAL FATHER.
4. "MY CHEST GROWS LOWER DOWN EACH YEAR; MY BELT GROWS LESS ELASTIC": LORD PUNTERFIELD'S VALET (MR. HENRY J. FORD) TRIES TO TAKE IN A REEF.

"Our Little Cinderella," produced at the Playhouse on the 20th, is a delightful comic operatic version of the old fairy-tale, keeping closely to the original story, and devoid of the humours of the music-hall usually imported into pantomime. The libretto is by Mr. Leo Trevor, with lyrics by Mr. Arthur Wimperis, and music by Mr. Hermann Löhr. Mr. Cyril Maude as the impecunious peer, Lord Punterfield, is very funny, and his daughter, Miss Margery Maude, makes a charming Cinderella—presumably "the Hon. Cinderella," as being the daughter of a British nobleman. Mr. Henry J. Ford as Messenger, Lord Punterfield's servant, also contributes to the humour of the piece. It is to run as a series of matinees throughout the Christmas season, and promises to be exceedingly popular.

SMALL TALK

VISCOUNT WOLMER, one of the heroes of his party, is young to have won a seat from a substantial antagonist. Winchester and Oxford knew him so recently that his contemporaries are prone to slap him on the back hilariously, as if he had won a mere arithmetic prize instead of a constituency. Nor does he take his win over-seriously, being inclined to regard his entry into the House in very much the same way as he regarded his descent into a coal-mine in search of his electorate—an adventure in rather gloomy and forbidding surroundings. In finding himself at Westminster—where his grandfather and his father, Lord Selborne, had spent their lives—he may well feel that the House of hereditary legislators is not always the House of Lords. The tradition, indeed, that forces him to a political career is even more strongly developed on the feminine than on the masculine side of his family. Lady Selborne is the leader of Conservative Suffragettes, and Lady Wolmer is sister to Lord Ridley, whose wife, in her turn, links Lord Wolmer with the political interests of the Guests and Wimbornes and Aberdeens. Lord Wolmer need not leave the circle of his relatives to be head

Leicester Square auction-room to his collection. In that room Sir Joshua Reynolds had his studio, and many fine canvases have passed from it by devious ways and long to the gallery at 31, Queen Anne's Gate, which Sir Edward is gallantly throwing open to the public. But in one way the arras has been prematurely drawn aside; Sir Edward can no longer surprise Lady Tennant with a monstrous Christmas hamper.

Fair Women at the Modern Gallery. If women are the least friendly critics of woman, as the Divorce Commission witness avers, then Miss Phil Morris is the dazzling exception that proves the rule. It follows that she is the most mannish of petticoated painters, not mannish like Lady Butler, who sought her themes on the battlefield, or like Rosa Bonheur, who studied cart-horses, but mannish like Chéret, and Helleu, and Conder. Her pencil is for ever setting down pretty things about pretty women; and even the needle—the etching-needle—is put to a masculine use when she handles it; that is, to the paying of compliments. It engraves, in colour, the good points of many lovely sitters: here the glossy mass of dark hair, cleverly suggested by the bur



ENGAGED: MISS MILLICENT GILZEAN-REID AND COLONEL BRAMHALL. Miss Millicent Gilzean-Reid is the daughter of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, LL.D., of Tenterden Hall, near Hendon, the well-known newspaper proprietor and chief founder of the Institute of Journalists. Colonel Bramhall is a son of the late Captain E. Bramhall, and is Assistant Director of Supplies and Transport at Malta.

Photographs by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS AVERY BUXTON: THE HON. GUY WILSON, M.P., D.S.O. The Hon. Guy Wilson is a son of the late Lord Nunburnholme. He was formerly in the 11th Hussars, and served in South Africa. He was elected M.P. (Liberal) for West Hull in 1907, and again this month. He is a widower.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM A. BAINBRIDGE: MISS VERONICA JOSEPHINE (VERA) WILLIAMS.

Miss Williams is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. N. Williams, of 50, Brompton Square, and granddaughter of the late Colonel Ben Williams, C.B., of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, Director of Remounts in India, and Master of the Horse to King Edward (then Prince of Wales) on his Indian tour. Mr. W. A. Bainbridge is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Bainbridge, of Lynwood, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and The Sycamores, Marlow. *[Photograph by Keturah Collings.]*



ENGAGED TO THE HON. GUY WILSON: MISS AVERY BUXTON.

Miss Avery Buxton is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton, of Dunston Hall, Norwich. Her father, who is an honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Norfolk Yeomanry, has been Mayor of Norwich, and is Vice-Chairman of the Norfolk Territorial Force Association.

over heels in differences of opinion; but he finds that Party puts no restrictions upon the wiring of hearty congratulations on his success or on Christmas invitations.

Behind the Arras. Sir Edward Tennant kept his secret well enough while he had use for it. Nobody in the room knew whose purse Captain Lindsay carried when he bought the Wolsey tapestry, so much desired by Mr. Wertheimer and other potentates of the auction. Captain Lindsay put them in difficulties; they had no means of guessing where or when he would stop nodding out his bids, or if, when he was outbidden, he would afterwards approach the buyer with private offers. The uncertainty of his opponents was to his advantage. But now Sir Edward is discovered behind the Captain—and the arras! And Sir Edward has been reminded that there is something very appropriate in the passage of a work of art from the

of the plate, against a pale cheek and neck; here the plume of an eyebrow on a serene forehead, or the coral bow of a lip in a face that would have put Waller's rose to shame. Her etchings are more spontaneous and lively than her oil pictures; her oils more lively and spontaneous than her pastels. At the Modern Gallery, where all her work is well represented, one of the most interesting of the large portraits is "The Countess of Drogheda" (No. 33), a profile in which some Scots gravity displaces the frank frivolity of the etchings. "Helleu + Conder + Chéret," the formula by which Miss Morris works, supplies the key to the nationality of her adopted style—two parts French and one part English. When the proportions are reversed, and she finds her own instead of a foreign mannerism, she will have crossed one of the many channels that dissect the artist's path.



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 26TH: MR. AND MRS. H. HADLEY D'OYLY.

Mr. H. Hadley D'Oyly is the eldest son of Sir Hastings D'Oyly, Bt., and holds the position of Deputy-Commissioner of the Andaman Islands. Mrs. H. Hadley D'Oyly (formerly Miss Evelyn M. Miller) is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Miller, of 3, Millbank, Westminster, and granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick Halliday, K.C.B. The wedding was arranged to take place at Port Blair on Boxing Day. *[Photographs by Langfrier.]*

THE GREAT "CHIEF" OF DRURY LANE: MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

"SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW.—IV.



"OH, YES, YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT. LIGHTING IS A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER INDEED. I FREQUENTLY GO TO THE SWITCHBOARD DURING REHEARSALS AND GIVE A HAND AT DIRECTING."



"THE PROPERTY-ROOM IS ALL-IMPORTANT TOO. I LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK ROUND THERE FROM TIME TO TIME. MAKING MASKS AND THINGS OF THAT SORT IS NOT NEARLY AS EASY AS IT LOOKS."



"I HAVE MANY A CHAT WITH MR. EMDEN, TOO, AND OFTEN GO TO HAVE A LOOK AT HIS MODELS. WE HAVE FIFTEEN SCENES IN 'JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK,' YOU KNOW."



"THIS? OH, THIS IS PART OF THE FRAMEWORK OF A WATERFALL. I GRANT YOU IT DOES NOT LOOK MUCH LIKE IT. TOO SOLID, ISN'T IT?"



"NO, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! THIS IS NOT PART OF THE WATERFALL; IT'S A SECTION OF THE FRAMEWORK OF ONE OF OUR 40-FOOT GIANT'S ARMS."



"NO, YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN. THIS DOESN'T BELONG TO THE GIANT. IT'S NOT NEARLY BIG ENOUGH: ONE OF THE LESSER GIANTS IS THE OWNER OF IT."



"JIMMIE GLOVER (OLD DRURY'S YOUNG CONDUCTOR) AND I HAVE QUITE A NUMBER OF TALKS ABOUT THE MUSIC."



"THE PAIR OF US MUST TRY OVER A SONG WITH JACK, OTHERWISE MISS DOLLY CASTLES. YOU'LL LISTEN?"



"GEORGE GRAVES IS ALWAYS DISCUSSING HIS PART WITH ME: WANTS TO GAG. JUST IMAGINE THAT—SO UNUSUAL!"

The preparation of a Drury Lane pantomime obviously calls for great labour on the part of those concerned, especially Mr. Arthur Collins, the presiding genius of the theatre. To take this year's production as an example, it may be said that, although some five weeks of very hard work were given to it immediately before Christmas, actual work on it began as early as last March.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield; specially taken for "The Sketch."]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIERS

GIFTS from subject to monarch are now rarely made; but towards Queen Alexandra the rigidity of respect that makes it difficult for a commoner to



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT WILLIAM FORBES, R.N.:
MISS DAISY STRUTT.

Miss Strutt is the daughter of Mr. Herbert Strutt, of Makeney, near Derby, and Kingairloch, N.B. Lieutenant Forbes is the son of Colonel J. F. Forbes, of Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire, N.B.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

approach the consort of a ruling monarch with familiar tokens of friendship are already somewhat relaxed. And few gifts have pleased the Queen Mother so well as a medal specially struck for her acceptance by two lady friends. In other days the restraints of Court were less necessary than they are to-day. Without them Queen Mary's apartments would be blocked up with offerings. In a letter of the Countess of Shrewsbury of James the First's day we have details of the Christmas manners of those times. She asked the Queen's gentlewoman what the Queen would like; and the questioned one thought nothing so much as a bunch of rubies to hang in her ear. But, continues the writer, "I meant to give her two paire of silke stock-inge lined with plush, and two paire of gloves lined, if London afford me no more doff toy I like better, whereof I cannot

bethinke me. I am making the King a purse."

A Definition. Perhaps the patent fact that the generality of our Generals, and even the majority of our Majors, are rather inclined to stoutness may be responsible for the maiden's misunderstanding. Anyhow, when a sweet young girl who had lately been on the same ship with Lord Kitchenr was asked the other day at the tea-table if she had found him very *bellicose*, she artlessly replied, "Oh, no; I found him very slim."

Diggings. Lord Verulam has had the courage to keep the spades of the Society of Antiquaries off his land near St. Albans. He approves digging for Roman ruins only if it does not interfere with digging for potatoes. The value of the land for the ordinary uses of land is at the bottom of the difficulty between himself and the society, a difficulty which means that the largest buried city in England must remain under cover for a little longer. Lord Verulam boasts that his interest in English soil dates from the time when Sylvester de Grymeston carried William the Conqueror's banner at the Battle of



ENGAGED TO MISS JOAN WARRY: THE HON.
SYDNEY E. MARSHAM.

The Hon. Sydney E. Marsham is the youngest son of the fourth Earl of Romney, and brother of the present Earl.

Photograph by Weston.

Hastings; but his chief interests are sown in the light surface of present-day affairs. His son, Lord Grimston, is a mechanic and a father; and Lord Verulam himself is much more readily entertained with the latest feats of electricity, or of a grandchild, than with any crumbling relics of antiquity.

Presents and the Past. Miss Nina Kay-Shuttleworth's marriage to Mr.

Eustace Hills came perilously near Christmas Day. Here was a young lady voluntarily putting herself in the position of the little girl whose bitterness in life was that of having been born on Dec. 25, her aunts and her uncles dispatching two festivals with one present! Such was her sad case, until R. L. Stevenson made over to her all the rights and privileges of his own natal day. As a matter of fact, the propinquity of dates nothing abated the flow of gifts towards Barbon Manor. Presents were in the air on both accounts, and the Christmas booklet came in company with tomes of greater

weight. To Lord Shuttleworth's father all lovers of English literature owe a debt of gratitude, for at his friendly house Charlotte Brontë met her future biographer, Mrs.



ENGAGED TO MR. THOMAS AINSWORTH: LADY
EDINA DOROTHY HOPE CONYNGHAM.

Lady Edina Hope Conyngham is the fourth daughter of the late Marquess Conyngham and the Marchioness Conyngham, and sister of the present Marquess. Mr. Thomas Ainsworth is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ainsworth, of Ardanaisreig, Argyll, and Harecroft, Gosforth, Cumberland.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

Gaskell. The present Lord Shuttleworth's memories of that time are naturally very vague. He was six years old, with a German governess, when the great novelist visited his nursery.

Christmas Men. Christmas Day is a double event too, for Lord Marcus Beresford, whose own birthday falls on that day. Admiral Dewey has his on Boxing Day, Lord Morley his on Christmas Eve. To the Duke of Norfolk's already enormous post-bag are added birthday greetings on the 27th; and to-day the Duke of Portland, who has been entertaining at Welbeck, will be constrained to eat a slice of birthday cake. At Arundel, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are entertaining a large family gathering, and yesterday the school-children of the town supplied the public chorus to many private felicitations.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. SYDNEY E. MARSHAM:
MISS JOAN WARRY.

Miss Warry is the only daughter of the late Mr. William Taylor Warry and Mrs. Warry, of 13, Walpole Street. The Hon. Sydney Marsham, who is a son of the late Earl of Romney, was born in 1879.

Photograph by Weston.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. CLAUD
CHICHESTER: THE HON. CLARE WINGFIELD.

The Hon. Clare Wingfield is the third daughter of the seventh Viscount Powerscourt, and sister of the present peer. Captain the Hon. Claud Chichester is the eldest son and heir of Lord Templemore.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

CARUSO NEARLY LYNCHED—EACH NIGHT IN PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST," IN NEW YORK.



1. SIGNOR CARUSO AS DICK JOHNSON, ALIAS RAMERREZ, A ROAD-AGENT,
AND MME. EMMY DESTINN AS MINNIE, THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

2. SIGNOR CARUSO AS DICK JOHNSON, "A VAGABOND FROM BIRTH...
REARED ON STOLEN MONEY."

3. MINNIE, THE GIRL (MME. EMMY DESTINN), SAVES HER LOVER, DICK JOHNSON (SIGNOR CARUSO), FROM BEING HANGED BY LYNCHERS.

The production of Signor Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," in New York, would appear to have been a success for the composer and a triumph for the singers—notably for that great tenor, Signor Caruso, and Mme. Emmy Destinn. The action is laid "in that period of Californian history which follows upon the discovery . . . of the first nugget of gold at Coloma, in January 1848." Dick Johnson, a road-agent, who describes himself as a "vagabond from birth. From the day I was born I was reared on stolen money," and Minnie, the Girl of the Golden West, are the chief characters. The greatest scene, from the dramatic point of view, is that in which Minnie, dashing to the rescue, pistol in hand, saves Johnson from death by hanging at the hands of lynchers.—[Photographs supplied by Topical.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Hero of Romance.

Really, it is very hard to believe that Wogan, Charles Wogan, was the name of an Irish hero of romance; the name sounds incredible. Yet, according to history and to Messrs. Pleydell and Mason and to Mr. H. B. Irving, it is the name of an ordinary specimen of that extraordinary person, the hero of a romantic drama. Mr. Irving spared us one thing, the Irish accent; I am not sure that the authors spared us anything. We had plenty of explanations that did not really explain, and lots of adventures and fights in which the hero had the usual luck of such persons in drama. I am inclined to think that the public will feel hurt that the love-making had such a sour ending. It is a pity the authors did not face it out and let the Chevalier marry the lady, whatever the historians may say. This "Tristram and Iseult" seemed to demand a happy ending: this tale of Ruritania appeared to need one. We do not know that the marriage in Ruritania led to unhappiness; but we are well aware that poor Princess Clementina had better have married the Irish adventurer, or caught her death of a chill from wandering over ice-clad mountains in winter wearing a décolleté dress, than have married the Old Pretender. I use the word "Pretender" rather anxiously, for fear some of the quaint people who still make a fuss over the Stuart cause should tackle me. Poor Princess Clementina!—better a week with Wogan than the life actually in store. What a lovely row there would have been if the authors, instead of winding up with a marriage by proxy, had sent the lovers off gaily to Venice; and nobody would have been one jot the worse. Indeed, if wisdom had been consulted, the dramatists would have omitted a few names and brought their play to a happy ending: lacking this courage, they would have done well to finish the play with the scene in the hut: the rest was anti-climax.

The Happy Ending.

There are stern critics scornful of happy endings. So long as such endings please people, and are not thrust violently and unnaturally upon plays which pretend to represent real life, they are quite legitimate. The best fairy tales end happily—those that do not belong, as a rule, to the legendary branch where the fairy element is a mere piece of machinery. I have heard "The Blue Bird" criticised upon the ground that the children never caught the *rara avis*, but the criticism is based upon a misunderstanding. "The Princess Clementina" is not handled in such a way as to present a plausible picture of life. Regarded as a play, "The Princess"

is not quite what we hoped from Mr. Irving. We know that he is a highly educated, intelligent man, and therefore are confident that some day he will present dramas in the choice of which his gifts assert themselves. Messrs. Pleydell and Mason have produced a work that is good, if not very good, of its kind; and one scene shows that they could write real drama if they would allow themselves to do so. The audience seemed well pleased by the humbler parts of the work, and the gay costumes, rich scenery,

and the cathedral incense—a little too strong for my nostrils—won a quite favourable reception. Moreover, there was the acting of Mr. Irving—not quite the ideal hero for this kind of play, but skilful and effective in the bread-and-butter passages, and in the best scene able to give something far better in the way of acting than we are accustomed to in romantic drama. Ought Miss Stella Patrick Campbell to rise to giddier heights of passion as the Princess? Many people say so. I wonder, and doubt. Perhaps, if she had, the main scene would have been more impressive; yet, if the Princess herself had been a more tremendous person, she would not have submitted so tamely to her destiny. Probably the criticism is correct, and it is the value of the artificial play to the player that in it he or she is not limited to the passion appropriate to the character, but is at liberty to present the full storm of passion conceivable in the situation. Anyhow, she played very prettily.



THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL-LIFE PLAY AT THE GAIETY: A SCENE FROM "THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL."

"The Captain of the School" is "a story of public-school life," in three acts, by Judge Parry and Mr. Frederick Mouillot. First produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, in November, it migrated to the Gaiety Theatre of London this month.

The Play Actors.

It is sad to have to say that the best thing in the latest programme of the Play Actors at the Court Theatre was a recitation by Mr. A. M. Heathcote about a pageant—a hackneyed subject, but treated with some skill. To call this sad is no discredit to Mr. Heathcote, but a recognition of the fact that the Play Actors exist for the purpose of discovering plays, not reciters: and this time they have had but little success. There were three curtain-raisers, all of them stagey, and none of them showing the intellectuality which would debar them from being just the ordinary comedietas of the commercial drama. None of the acting in any of the plays was of much note, and much of it was rather amateurish.

"The Blue Bird" Again.

We welcome "The Blue Bird," and hope that, like "Peter Pan," it will become a hardy annual. Still, I trust that Mr. Trench will make no more changes. "Let well alone" is a cowardly maxim for ordinary life, but sometimes very wise. Maeterlinck has not been more successful than Barrie in making additions to his fairy tale.

"The Palace of Happiness" presents some splendid pictures, and Mr. Norman O'Neill's music is admirable, yet in imagination and dramatic invention it is not on the same level as the rest. Nevertheless, it has charming touches, and in Miss Amy Lamborne introduces a pleasing recruit to the nest. Perhaps one should not grumble because of the addition of the new wing to what, after all, is a Gothic rather than a classic structure. The work is still



"THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL," AT THE GAIETY: "AULD LANG SYNE" IN THE HALL.

delightful, with its fascinating original music by Mr. Norman O'Neill, its captivating stage pictures, and its admirable performance. Among the newcomers one must note Miss Gladys Mason, charming as Light; Master Eric Rae, a capital Tytl; and Miss Madge McIntosh, who presents Mummy Tyl pleasantly; and all will welcome Miss Pauline Gilmer, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mrs. Saba Raleigh, and Messrs. Hendrie, C. V. France, Rigby, Warburton, H. R. Hignett, and Norman Page.

Play Portraits: Famous Rugger Teams.



VIII.—THE OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS.

The Old Merchant Taylors have held an excellent position in the world of Rugby football for many years. (See article elsewhere.)

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK GILLET.

STAR TURNS

THE PALLADIUM.

THE most important event of the week in the music-hall world—the Star Turn par excellence—is undoubtedly the opening of the Palladium. It is at once a tribute to the commercial enterprise and the managerial genius of Mr. Walter Gibbons, the managing director, and it is, further, an evidence of his artistic taste. The Palladium is certainly one of the handsomest of the many handsome music-halls which London boasts. Indeed, any discrimination between it and the theatres of the West End would be as injudicious as ill-timed, for the magnificent stage will offer its artistic welcome to the best actors. In extending the comparison of the Palladium and the music-halls to the theatres, therefore, one may follow the example of the member of Parliament who was elected for Bristol in 1774 with the great Burke. Burke made an eloquent speech of thanks to the electors, and his colleague rose to follow his example. “Gentlemen,” he cried, “I say ditto to Mr. Burke.” There is certainly no West End theatre which is more beautiful or more comfortable than the Palladium.

Seeing that all London has already learned its location, it is needless to refer to the fact that it stands on the site of Hengler's Circus. It does, however, more than this, for certain adjoining properties—warehouses, wine-vaults, and garages—are now included in the 27,000 square feet of area which it covers. When it is full—and if, by Mr. Gibbons' liberality and enterprise, the best talent in the world can fill it it will always be full—it will contain five thousand people at each of the morning and evening performances, so that every week it will hold a total of sixty thousand people, or as many as inhabit a fairly large town.

The whole scheme of decoration is in white and gold, relieved by Rose du Barri. All the carpets and seats, as well as the curtains of the boxes, are of this colour, and so is the curtain, which is of Rose du Barri silk, relieved with appliqué of the same tint. The boxes are eight in number, four on each side; and two of these on the right hand, looking to the stage, can be thrown into one to become the royal box, with the usual withdrawing-room behind it. The auditorium is over a hundred feet wide, and is about the same height from floor to ceiling. Entrance to it is gained through a vestibule of oxydised silver and white-and-brown Sicilian marble, which has been imported specially for the building. A short flight of wide, shallow steps leads down to the ground floor, which is divided into three sets of seats—imperial fauteuils, orchestra stalls, and stalls. They number 1300 altogether, and are very comfortable chairs conveniently raised by the raking floor, so that those who sit at the back have as good a seat as those who sit in front. The ascent of a few steps from the vestibule leads up to the imperial circle, divided into the imperial circle proper and the grand circle stalls, while above that is the circle, the back rows of which are called the upper circle, and though sold at sixpence, they are comfortably padded in Rose du Barri velvet, and can be booked, like all the rest of the seats, for any length of time in advance.

Mr. Gibbons, who began life as an engineer, and therefore took a valuable asset in construction to the building of the Palladium, has always been a great believer in the two rather than the three tier house. The lines in this case are

so fine that the whole audience is quite close to the stage. Behind the stalls is a fine refreshment-room, known as the Palm Court. It is capable of seating one thousand people, and is open to the general public without charge, even though they do not desire to go into the theatre. Light refreshments of all sorts are served here, and it will no doubt be a favourite rendezvous for shoppers, for it is delightfully cosy, and its floral decorations almost transform it into a garden. On the imperial circle tier is the Louis Seize Salon, with a beautifully painted ceiling and panels painted in the Watteau manner. Immediately outside it is the Parisian Salon, from the balcony of which it is possible to see the audience as it enters. In both these, as in the Palm Court, refreshments can be obtained, and in all three, ladies' orchestras will play during the afternoon and evening.

One innovation which audiences will always find exceedingly advantageous is that in front of the orchestra there is a passage or subway by which it will be possible to cross from one side of the theatre to the other without going in front of those who are already seated. The usual simple orchestra-rail is dispensed with in favour of a handsome marble partition made of the Sicilian marble which is also used all through the house, even to the wall at the back of the upper circle, which in other houses would be called the gallery. The ventilation—that crux of every public building—is as satisfactory as human ingenuity can devise. In the summer a

system of fans and the removal of the sliding roof will keep it cool, while during the inclement months of the year the latest and most approved appliances for heating are brought into requisition.

Draughts will be non-existent, if the evidence of three experts on the subject may count for anything.

The stage is undoubtedly one of the finest ever laid. It is fifty feet wide at the proscenium opening, and sixty feet deep. It is made in sections, each of which is capable of being raised or lowered as occasion demands by means of electric lifts. The lighting of the stage necessitates the use of twenty-five hundred electric lights, while, by means of an elaborate system of “dimmers,” it is possible to imitate effectively any natural light, from the earliest sunrise to the latest moonset. In the front of the house there are nearly as many lights as on the stage, and to carry the electric current there are between eleven and twelve miles of wire. The whole building, in which five hundred tons of steel work have been employed, is on the cantilever principle, so that no pillars are visible anywhere. The managerial arrangements of the front of the house are in the courteous and accomplished hands of Mr. B. Leslie Conroy, and the stage is under the direction of Mr. Frank Parker, while the orchestra of forty-five selected players is capable of doing justice to every possible form of music. The development of the musical side of the programme is, indeed, one of the ambitions of Mr. Gibbons, who has already arranged with Mr. Thomas Beecham for the appearance of his opera company for three months. “The best of everything,” especially if it makes for lightness and brightness, is the motto of Mr.

Walter Gibbons, and the brilliant success he has made in the past is ample guarantee to the public that in the future it may rely with confidence on getting from him this highly desirable commodity.



MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE LARGEST PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON: MR. WALTER GIBBONS.

Photograph by Hana.



INSIDE THE NEWEST PALACE OF ENTERTAINMENT: THE PALLADIUM.

It is arranged (we write well in advance of the date of our issue, owing to Christmas) that the Palladium shall open on Boxing-Day. The new house of entertainment, the largest in London, is in Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, and has cost approximately a quarter of a million. There are to be two performances daily, the first at 2.30, the second at eight o'clock.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

Half-Hours at Eton.—By W. Heath Robinson.



VI.—PRIZE-GIVING DAY IN ETON TOWN HALL.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.



EPISODE II.—"THE LOOT OF BOMBASHARNA."

"Long before it was light the survivors of the crew were peering at the sea, and when dawn came there was the island no bigger than two ships, straining hard at its anchor with the wind in the tops of the trees. And then they landed and dug cabins below and raised the anchor out of the deep sea, and soon they made the island what they called ship-shape. . . . And Shard on his island offered the Queen of the South the choicest of the old wines of Provence, and for adornment gave her Indian jewels looted from galleons with treasure for Madriel . . . When they needed new provisions they hoisted sails on the trees, and as long as no ship came in sight they scudded before the wind, with the water rippling over the beach of the island."

After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Page 370.)

ILLUSTRATOR OF LORD DUNSANY'S "BOOK OF WONDER."



A CAMERA PICTURE: MR. S. H. SIME.

There is no need for us to introduce Mr. Sime to readers of "The Sketch" by detailing his career. They know his work full well, for much of it has appeared in our paper. We are particularly glad, therefore, that we are able to publish another series of remarkable drawings by Mr. Sime, illustrating "The Book of Wonder," new stories by Lord Dunsany, whom, also, we are more than pleased to number amongst our contributors.

Camera Picture by E. O. Hoppé.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE ESCAPE OF MARIA CLEMENTINA STUART, "STYLED QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND."

THERE came a day when James Francis Edward Stuart, called the "Old Pretender," urged by "frequent messages from his faithful friends, humbly begging and praying he would please to marry, in order to propagate the royal family," thought it prudent to give his followers this satisfaction. His choice fell upon the Princess Clementina Sobieska, a lady of whom Brother Bonaventure Boylan, writing in the College of St. Anthony of Padua, in Louvain, in the year of our Lord 1722, being a man of discernment and a believer in the claims of the Chevalier de St. George, said: "This Princess inherits all the perfections both of body and mind proper for the most accomplished Queen. She, as the granddaughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland and deliverer of Christendom, cousin-german of the Emperor, and of the King of Portugal, and niece of the Electors of Treves, Bavaria, and of the Prince Palatine, is beyond contradiction a match suitable for any King in the world. Besides these motives, the Chevalier had others of interest to induce him to think of this alliance. The King [James II.], his father, had been more opposed in the recovery of his Kingdom by the Empire than by any other Power in Europe. The son did therefore reasonably hope that, by marrying the said Princess, he might be able to make a party in Germany capable to balance that of King George [of England]. For this end Charles Wogan, an Irish gentleman of known ability and integrity, vested with the power and procuration from the Chevalier, went to Germany in the beginning of the year 1718, on pretence of seeing the several Courts of the Empire, and being come to that of the Prince Sobieski at Ohlau, in Silesia, demanded of him the Princess Clementine, his daughter, for the Chevalier, his master; which being graciously granted by the unanimous consent both of the father and mother, the contract of marriage was signed by both parties." And it may be noted that the Princess herself was very willing. In a volume, issued in 1722 under a lengthy title beginning "Female Fortitude Exemplify'd," and ending "Now Published for the Entertainment of the Curious," it stands written that when, as a child, her playfellows called her "Queen of England," she was so pleased that the ladies of the Court continued to call her so, "which, Mr. Wogan observing, artfully closed with the opportunity."

It was arranged that the future "Queen" of "James III." should be conducted with all secrecy to Bologna to receive the nuptial benediction. Unfortunately for the success of the plan, delay in preparations for the start gave King George's emissaries time furiously to think, with the result that his fearful Majesty "used all his credit with the Emperor to hinder the conclusion of the marriage"; and "orders were immediately dispatched for the Governor of Inspruck to arrest the Princess Clementine Sobieski in her passage, and to keep her confined under a strong guard till further orders; which was accordingly executed." The Chevalier was, very naturally, exasperated. Relatives of the Princess persisted in representing that the ties of blood and the Constitution had been violated by her capture. Even the Emperor set his diplomatists to work. Matters remained as they were. Then the Chevalier again called the gallant Wogan to his aid, and

commissioned him to rescue the bride. Wogan was quick to act. Having learned that the fair prisoner was ready to do his master's will, and hearing that, although the Chevalier had embarked for Spain he had left him a procuration to marry the Princess in case he should succeed in her deliverance, he set about his task. Enlisting in his service Major Gaydon and Captains Toole and Misset, of Dillon's regiment; Michael, a servant of the Chevalier; Mrs. Misset, and the Missets' maid, Jane—"gay and pretty, and very near the size of the Princess"—who was to be left in the room of the Princess, he began the adventure in earnest. Elaborate plans were formed, many precautions taken, and eventually six of the party, Misset and Michael remaining to watch the Brenner Pass, found themselves in Innsbruck. M. Châteaudoux, gentleman-usher to the Princess's mother, admitted Jane to the house that was the Princess's prison. Before this, the captive, having undressed and got into bed, had dismissed her maids. This done, "she packed up her jewels in a coarse piece of linen; she had made before an apron with four pockets, which she filled with other things she would carry with her. She put on another shift over that which she wore, together with a furred waistcoat, her nightgown, a petticoat, and an under-flannel petticoat. Her head she covered with a plain, close, headdress, and hood, quilted and lined with a rose-coloured taffety, which she made for that purpose. This is the equipage in which the granddaughter of the great Sobieski undertook a long and dangerous journey." Châteaudoux escorted her to the door; she walked to the end of the street, there to meet Wogan; and so to the inn and others of the party. Horses were harnessed in the berlin. She took her place. Wogan and Gaydon gave her their muffs, "and prayed her to put them on her legs to keep her warm . . . and so set out from Inspruck"—at two in the morning of April 28, 1719.

Travelling was not easy; mishap trod hard on the heels of mishap. The royal jewels were forgotten and regained; progress was slow; at the summit of the Brenner the Princess was seized with a weakness which cast her into a swoon and had to be revived with cordial-water and wine; so agitated was the fugitive that only with difficulty could she be persuaded to eat an egg or two at long intervals; the berlin was almost overturned on the edge of a precipice; twice the axle-tree broke, and the carriage had to be partly supported on its way by peasants; the Princess of Baden was journeying in front of them, with a numerous retinue, and they could find no other horses but those that were tired out serving her. But, at length, there was reached "a great wall, which was the barrier between the States of Venice and the dominions of the Emperor. . . . Here the *alleluia* was sung with common consent." So, on to Verona, where the Princess, "since her departure from Inspruck, did first undress and shift herself, change linen, and comb the finest locks of hair in the world; to Stellata—and

to Bologna, which was reached at eleven in the morning, on the 2nd of May, and her wedding, with Charles Wogan, as proxy for the Chevalier, the Marquess Monti representing her father.

From the marriage consequent on this enterprise sprang two claimants to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland—Charles Edward Stuart and Henry Benedict Stuart, Cardinal of York. Those who would know more of it should read the "Narratives," edited by Sir John T. Gilbert; they are of very exceptional interest.



THE WIFE OF THE OLD PRETENDER: MARIA CLEMENTINA STUART, "STYLED QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND." The original of this portrait, "Maria Clementina, Magnae Britanniae, Franciae et Hiberniae Regina," is by Hieronymus Frezza, Rome, 1736. The engraving was issued at Rome under Papal authority.

Reproduced from Sir John T. Gilbert's "Narratives," by Permission.



STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE ESCAPE OF PRINCESS CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA FROM INNSBRUCK, IN 1719: A REMARKABLE MEDAL.

The original of this is in the British Museum. The inscription on the obverse is "Clementina, M[agnae] Britan[niae], Fr[anciae], et Hib[erniae] Regina"; that on the reverse, "Fortunam causamque sequor"—"Deceptis custodibus, 1719."

Reproduced from Sir John T. Gilbert's "Narratives," by Permission.

* "Narratives of the Detention, Liberation and Marriage of Maria Clementina Stuart, Styled Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. With Contemporary Letters and Papers now for the First Time Published." Edited by John T. Gilbert. Illustrated. Printed by Joseph Dollard, Wellington Quay, Dublin. 1894.

THE FLOR DE CHAPEAU!



THE SHORT-SIGHTED PROFESSOR (*leaning over the lamp, with disastrous results*): I wish to goodness my wife wouldn't give me cigars for Christmas: this one smells exactly like cloth burning.

DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN OF THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE: HER RESCUE.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA: QUEEN'S THEATRE VERSION.



1. CHARLES WOGAN, FEARING THAT THE PRINCESS WILL BE RECAPTURED DURING THE FLIGHT FROM INNSBRUCK TO BOLOGNA, PRODUCES A ROPE LADDER, WHICH, AS HE SAYS, HE ALWAYS PROVIDES, AND URGES HIS CHARGE TO ESCAPE TO A DESERTED HUT, LEST DANGER COME.

2. PRINCESS CLEMENTINA, BETROTHED TO THE OLD PRETENDER, AND CHARLES WOGAN, HER RESCUER, DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER.

The stage version (and, presumably, that of Mr. Mason's novel) of the rescue of Princess Clementina Sobieska, bride of the Old Pretender, who had been kept captive in Innsbruck by order of the Viennese Court, and the real version, do not tally in all particulars. In actuality, Charles Wogan, commissioned by his master, the Old Pretender, to seek to secure the release of the Princess, did not fall in love with her: he merely fulfilled the task entrusted to him as well as he could, and with a gallantry and dash that were natural to him.—

In the photographs are Mr. H. B. Irving as Charles Wogan and Miss Stella Patrick Campbell as Princess Clementina Sobieska.

WOGAN, OFFICIAL RESCUER FOR HIS MASTER, TURNS LOVER.

THE STORY OF PRINCESS CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA: QUEEN'S THEATRE VERSION.



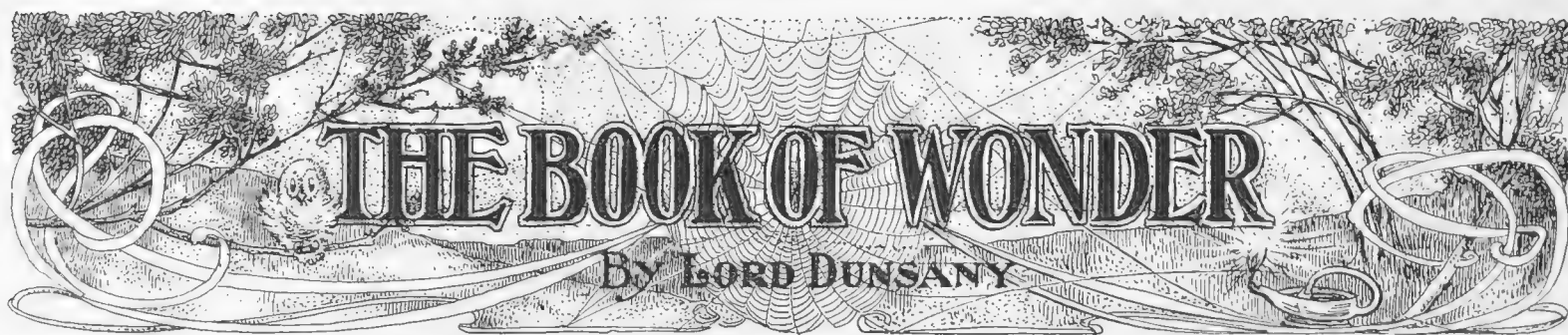
1. CHARLES WOGAN CARRIES THE PRINCESS HE HAS RESCUED ACROSS THE (MOST REALISTIC) ICE.

2. THE PRINCESS IS PERSUADED TO ACCEPT, AT BOLOGNA, THE ACCLAMATIONS OF THE CROWD AS QUEEN OF "JAMES III." OF ENGLAND.

3. THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA TOASTS CHARLES WOGAN AND OTHERS WHO HAVE EFFECTED HER ESCAPE, AT BOLOGNA.

—In the play he not only rescues the Princess, but falls in love with her during the flight to Bologna, and she with him. Thus Wogan, as Mr. A. B. Walkley has it, finds that he must choose between Bologna and the King or Venice and all-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost. Before he can decide the dawn brings "fresh morning thoughts," and the journey is continued to Bologna. There Wogan meets fresh trouble, for he has to marry the Princess as the Pretender's proxy—under the circumstances, a torture.

In the photographs are Mr. H. B. Irving as Charles Wogan, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell as the Princess Clementina, Mr. Frederick Lloyd as Captain John Musset, Mr. Ernest H. Ruston as Captain Lucius O'Toole, and Mr. Henry Vibart as Major Richard Gaydon.



EPISODE II.—THE LOOT OF BOMBASHARNA.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Page 364.)

THINGS had grown too hot for Shard, captain of pirates, on all the seas that he knew. The ports of Spain were closed to him: they knew him in San Domingo; men winked in Syracuse when he went by; the two Kings of the Sicilies never smiled within an hour of speaking of him; there were huge rewards for his head in every capital city, with pictures of it for identification—and all the pictures were unflattering. Therefore Captain Shard decided that the time was come to tell his men the secret.

Riding off Teneriffe one night, he called them all together. He generously admitted that there were things in the past that might require explanation: the crowns that the Princes of Aragon had sent to their nephews the Kings of the two Americas had certainly never reached their Most Sacred Majesties. Where, men might ask, were the eyes of Captain Stobbud? Who had been burning towns on the Patagonian seaboard? Why should such a ship as theirs choose pearls for cargo? Why so much blood on the decks and so many guns? And where was the *Nancy*, the *Lark*, or the *Margaret Bell*? Such questions as these, he urged, might be asked by the inquisitive, and if counsel for the defence should happen to be a fool, and unacquainted with the ways of the sea, they might become involved in troublesome legal formulæ. And Bloody Bill, as they rudely called Mr. Gagg, a member of the crew, looked up at the sky and said that it was a windy night, and looked like hanging. And some of those present thoughtfully stroked their necks while Captain Shard unfolded to them his plan. He said that the time was come to quit the *Desperate Lark*, for she was too well known to the navies of four kingdoms, and a fifth was getting to know her, and others had suspicions. (More cutters than even Captain Shard suspected were already looking for her jolly black flag with its neat skull-and-crossbones in yellow.) There was a little archipelago that he knew of on the wrong side of the Sargasso Sea; there were about thirty islands there, bare, ordinary islands, but one of them floated. He had noticed it years ago, and had gone ashore and never told a soul, but had quietly anchored it with the anchor of his ship to the bottom of the sea, which just there was profoundly deep, and had made the thing the secret of his life, determining to marry and settle down there if it ever became impossible to earn his livelihood in the usual way at sea. When first he saw it, it was drifting slowly, with the wind in the tops of the trees; but if the cable had not rusted away, it should be still where he left it, and they would make a rudder and hollow out cabins below, and at night they would hoist sails to the trunks of the trees and sail wherever they liked.

And all the pirates cheered, for they wanted to set their feet on land again somewhere where the hangman would not come and jerk them off it at once; and, bold men though they were, it was a strain seeing so many lights coming their way at night. Even then . . . ! But it swerved away again and was lost in the mist.

And Captain Shard said that they would need to get provisions first, and he, for one, intended to marry before he settled down; and so they should have one more fight before they left the ship, and sack the seacoast city Bombasharna and take from it provisions for several years, while he himself would marry the Queen of the South. And again the pirates cheered, for often they had seen seacoast Bombasharna, and had always envied its opulence from the sea.

So they set all sail, and often altered their course, and dodged and fled from strange lights till dawn appeared, and all day long fled southwards. And by evening they saw the silver spires of slender Bombasharna, a city that was the glory of the coast. And in the midst of it, far away though they were, they saw the palace of the Queen of the South; and it was so full of windows all looking toward the sea, and they were so full of light both from the sunset that was fading upon the water and from candles that maids were lighting one by one, that it looked far off like a pearl, shimmering still in its haliotis shell, still wet from the sea.

So Captain Shard and his pirates saw it at evening over the water, and thought of rumours that said that Bombasharna was the loveliest city of the coasts of the world, and that its palace was lovelier even than Bombasharna; but for the Queen of the South rumour had no comparison. Then night came down and hid the silver spires, and Shard slipped on through the gathering darkness, until by midnight the piratic ship lay under the seaward battlements.

And at the hour when sick men mostly die, and sentries on lonely ramparts stand to their arms, exactly half-an-hour before

dawn, Shard, with two rowing-boats with half his crew, with craftily muffled oars, landed below the battlements. They were through the gateway of the palace itself before the alarm was sounded, and as soon as they heard the alarm Shard's gunners at sea opened upon the town, and before the sleepy soldiery of Bombasharna knew whether the danger was from the land or the sea Shard had successfully captured the Queen of the South. They would have looted all day that silver sea-coast city, but there appeared with dawn suspicious topsails just along the horizon. Therefore the Captain with his Queen went down to the shore at once and hastily re-embarked and sailed away with what loot they had hurriedly got, and with fewer men, for they had to fight a good deal to get back to the boat. They cursed all day the interference of those ominous ships which steadily drew nearer. There were six ships at first, and that night they slipped away from all but two; but all the next day those two were still in sight, and each of them had more guns than the *Desperate Lark*. All the next night Shard dodged about the sea, but the two ships separated and one kept him in sight, and the next morning it was alone with Shard on the sea, and his archipelago was just in sight, the secret of his life.

And Shard saw he must fight, and a bad fight it was, and yet it suited Shard's purpose, for he had more merry men when the fight began than he needed for his island. And they got it over before any other ship came up; and Shard put all adverse evidence out of the way, and came that night to the islands near the Sargasso Sea.

Long before it was light the survivors of the crew were peering at the sea, and when dawn came there was the island, no bigger than two ships, straining hard at its anchor, with the wind in the tops of the trees.

And then they landed and dug cabins below and raised the anchor out of the deep sea, and soon they made the island what they called ship-shape. But the *Desperate Lark* they sent away empty under full sail to sea, where more nations than Shard suspected were watching for her, and where she was presently captured by an admiral of Spain, who, when he found none of that famous crew on board to hang by the neck from the yard-arm, grew ill through disappointment.

And Shard on his island offered the Queen of the South the choicest of the old wines of Provence, and for adornment gave her Indian jewels looted from galleons with treasure for Madriel, and spread a table where she dined in the sun, while in some cabin below he bade the least coarse of his mariners sing; yet always she was morose and moody towards him, and often at evening he was heard to say that he wished he knew more about the ways of Queens. So they lived for years, the pirates mostly gambling and drinking below, Captain Shard trying to please the Queen of the South, and she never wholly forgetting Bombasharna. When they needed new provisions they hoisted sails on the trees, and as long as no ship came in sight they scudded before the wind, with the water rippling over the beach of the island; but as soon as they sighted a ship the sails came down, and they became an ordinary uncharted island.

They mostly moved by night; sometimes they hovered off seacoast towns as of old, sometimes they boldly entered river-mouths, and even attached themselves for a while to the mainland, whence they would plunder the neighbourhood and escape again to sea. And if a ship was wrecked on their island of a night they said it was all to the good. They grew very crafty in seamanship, and cunning in what they did, for they knew that any news of the *Desperate Lark's* old crew would bring hangmen from the interior running down to every port.

And no one is known to have found them out or to have annexed their island; but a rumour arose and passed from port to port and every place where sailors meet together, and even survives to this day, of a dangerous uncharted rock anywhere between Plymouth and the Horn, which would suddenly rise in the safest track of ships, and upon which vessels were supposed to have been wrecked, leaving, strangely enough, no evidence of their doom. There was a little speculation about it at first, till it was silenced by the chance remark of a man old with wandering; "It is one of the mysteries that haunt the sea."

And almost Captain Shard and the Queen of the South lived happily ever after, though still at evening those on watch in the trees would see their Captain sit with a puzzled air or hear him muttering now and then in a discontented way: "I wish I knew more about the ways of Queens."

THE END.

REYNARD WHEN IT RAINS 'ARD!

(PROFOUND APOLOGIES.)



WHEN THE DUCKS CAN LAUGH AT THE FOX: A FLOOD-TIME STUDY.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

CHEER - FULL !



THE YOUTH WITH THE TURKEY: Wot d'yer keep on grumbling about, 'Orice? Can't yer understand Chrismuss is Chrismuss?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WE want little more than fine weather to make these Christmas holidays uncommonly lively, for the exodus to the Continent has been delayed by the General Election; and as the festive season is nowhere quite so attractive as in the English countryside, the Riviera, Switzerland, and Egypt will wait a while for the bulk of their British patrons. This is as it should be, for there is plenty to do at home. Covert shooting has been very late this year—I know of several places in this district alone where the woods have not yet been disturbed and hounds have plenty of work before them; foxes seem to be more plentiful than ever. Many farmers are pleased enough to remove barbed wire in winter if the M.F.H. is a strong man, who is keen to see that young corn is not trampled, hedges are not broken wantonly, and gates are not left open. If the country is well hunted in December the farmer fattening poultry for the Christmas market has a far better chance of realising his hopes.

Rat clubs have been doing good work in the neighbourhood. I hear of thousands dead since there was a plague scare in East Anglia a few weeks ago. My own efforts with a much-advertised virus have not been successful. The rodents were conspicuously absent for about a fortnight: now they seem to have returned, and it would appear that nothing is as serviceable as terriers, ferrets, and sticks. Unfortunately, this form of sport has no appeal to me, and to turn men and boys on to it is rather an expensive pastime, though I hasten to add that those who serve me never work quite so hard or with so much enthusiasm as when I tell them to drop their ordinary labours and attack the rats. Old out-buildings give the enemy too great an advantage; they have runs in all directions, short cuts, emergency exits—in short, their arrangements for leaving the buildings without fear of overcrowding in case of need would satisfy the Theatre Committee of the London County Council. And they never leave for long. As soon as vigilance is relaxed they return, and, being practical creatures, waste no time in mourning

lightly. Such an order might result in a slight diminution in the number of the pheasants; but, at worst, it would be very trifling, and could be easily rectified, for the game-farms can compete successfully with any demands either for eggs or young birds, and what was lost in birds would be saved in food; the amount of corn eaten by rats in the rides must be very considerable, and add not a little to the season's bills. As soon as owls and hawks are encouraged,

there will be a very considerable reduction in the army of rats, and even weasels will contribute a part of their labours to the good cause. It is absurd for farmers to do their best while keepers, either by reason of their own ignorance or in obedience to definite instructions from others whose ignorance is inexcusable, shoot every owl and hawk on sight and trap as many weasels as they can. Game-preserving is legitimate enough, but it should no longer be allowed to disturb the balance of nature—the loss to the country at large is too heavy. It has been estimated at a figure that would pay for old-age pensions! I am quite sure that, if the case were put fairly before game-preservers, most of them would do their best to meet it, for the great bulk are not only kindly men, but landowners, and, as such, closely concerned with everything that may improve the value of the land. When pheasants were not so widely preserved, rats were not so much in evidence, and both hawks and owls were comparatively common.

I have long known that partridges are local migrants, though I have never succeeded in tracing their migration. This has been a very bad year for the little brown bird, and after September ended it was hard to see more than a very few coveys in the surrounding fields. Shooting was soon suspended, and there was a tacit agreement to leave the birds alone, in the interests of a season still to come. But in the past two or three weeks partridges have reappeared—there are two coveys in a meadow that may be seen from my study window. I know of others in the immediate neighbourhood, and some of my friends tell me they have seen more birds



"GENUINE INDIAN POTTERY" OF PICKLE-JARS AND BEAN-POTS.

This shows what can be done with a good deal of ingenuity, bean-pots and pickle-jars, and paints. The "genuine Indian pottery" illustrated is a combination of these things, and was made by the young lady shown with it. She turned it out for her father, who wished to hoax a number of critics by exhibiting the "fakes" as the real thing.—[Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.]



REAL "LIVE" PICTURES: "PAINTINGS" COMPOSED OF AN ACTUAL BIRD, FRUIT, AND SO ON.

The pictures, as we have noted, are made up of an actual bird, fruit, and so on; set in a frame.—[Photographs by P.F. Press Bureau.]

the dead: they merely devote their efforts to replacing them, and their spirited policy is most effective.

Now that the farmers have done, or are doing, their best to mitigate the nuisance, the owners of woodland might lend a hand. They might issue instructions to the effect that owls, hawks, and even weasels, are either to be spared, or at least dealt with very

since mid-November than they saw when the corn was cut. The reason is not difficult to explain; the birds shifted their feeding-grounds, perhaps on to exposed ground, and have now either found it too wet or have exhausted the supplies. The precise details of their movements and cause of their action would be worth knowing, but nobody seems to have studied them.

MARK OVER.



By HENRY LEACH.

The Queer Side. It is a good game and a wonderful game, but it is also a very strange game, is this golf of ours. It is almost certainly the fact that stranger situations and more curious results are brought about at it than at any other, and there is a logical reason for this, because it is the only game which is played under such natural circumstances, away over the open country and along the margin of the sea, with the principle always to be observed, save in some most unusual case, that the ball must be played from wherever it lies. So the opportunities for peculiarity of occurrence are most plentiful. We always realise that it is a strange game, with strange happenings in it; but there is one time in the year when I realise it more than at any other, and, I think, more than anyone, for it becomes my business then, for a special purpose that I take in hand, to make some kind of close reckoning up and analysis of all the different kinds of things that have happened in golf during the whole of the year, from the winning of championships to the killing of birds in flight with golf-balls; and this task I have just completed, the end of the year being at hand. And once again I am moved to reflect that this is indeed a very queer game that you and I are linked up with. I must tell of a few of the things that have been happening on courses north, south, east, and west, all in serious golf, while we have

variety of experience in one journey. At Luffness, also, only last month a ball was pulled into the rough from the fourteenth tee, and it went straight into the jaws of a rabbit-trap, which caught it and with its teeth bit it through to the core.

Things Done by Golfers.

I will now write of some of the things with which the men were more actively concerned. There is definite and true-looking news from America that a one-armed golfer there drove a ball three hundred yards in July. Conditions, of course, must have helped him, but in any circumstances that was a most extraordinary feat. Then at Strathpeffer in August there was a match between Mr. Heywood Water Seton-Karr and Mr. E. R. Leeman, two players who both hold their clubs customarily with the left hand below the right. Surely there has never been such a match before, for this peculiarity of grip is most rare. Mr. Seton-Karr won. Holes done in one stroke were more frequent even than before. One was done in the Open Championship, another in the Scottish, while in the Irish Championship two players performed the feat within ten minutes of each other. But as the best of the holing-in-one achievements, I crown that of Mr. Bertie Sinclair at Crieff in August, when he got the sixth, which measures



BEFORE THE CLUB HOUSE ON A PRIZE-GIVING DAY.



THE GRAND-DUKE CYRIL OF RUSSIA AND MR. A. H. CROSFIELD DOING 18 HOLES.



PLAY AT THE TWELFTH HOLE OF THE CANNES GOLF CLUB.

GOLF IN FAIR FRANCE: ON THE CANNES LINKS.

Photographs by S. H. March.

been playing our game elsewhere. These are all properly certified occurrences, but for the most part they have not found their way into the general Press.

Antics of the Ball. Just for a moment let us consider the peculiar antics of the golf-ball in 1910. I find that while a monthly medal was being played for at Beighton, in Derbyshire, a ball, played from a long way behind, went farther than expected, dropped into the pocket of a player on the putting-green, was extracted by that player and thrown on to the green, and from that point was holed by the man to whom it belonged with his next stroke. That was kind of the ball, and so it was of another that was hit towards the railway near the seventeenth hole on the Troon Portland course, came into collision with a passing train, and rebounded from one of the wheels thereof back to the course, coming to rest at a point only six yards from the hole being played to, so that, as the result, the player to whom it belonged won the hole. Less kind was the ball that was being played with by Mr. Heaven in a bogey foursome competition at Harrogate, which he sent high up towards the place that has the same name as his own, and which fell down a chimney afterwards, thus gaining the utmost

231 yards, with his tee shot. Another peculiarity of the season was the sweepstakes at White's Club on the golf tournament they had there, which amounted to £1900. I don't think that even in America they have ever beaten this. I am led to mention also that this year, for the first time, we have had two Lords in the final of a real championship, this being the Swiss, in which Lord Lurgan beat Lord St. Vincent. During the summer-time I told the tale of how a town clerk golfed all the way up the side of a steep mountain in Wales. To this I add as corresponding achievements, and better for their play, that of Mr. A. J. Watson, who at Dunwoodie, in America, did a round in moonlight in 84, which was only four strokes above bogey, and that of Mr. H. B. Lumsden, who, at Aberdeen in June, over a fine and difficult course, played twelve rounds in less than twenty hours in one day, his worst being 88 and his average 82½. And, as an item for the ladies in ending, let me chronicle the most extraordinary happening at Prestwick, where, in a competition in connection with the Ladies' St. Nicholas Club, every hole of the eighteen was halved, and the match was only finished at the nineteenth, where one of them at last gained a point.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A Race in Man. The industry and the Club notwithstanding, it would appear that the Isle of Man is to have a motor-race in consonance with the Douglas Jubilee Celebrations of next year. This has been decided by the Douglas Jubilee Celebration Committee, under the presidency of a prominent Isle of Man journalist. It would appear that although a committee has been appointed to consider the matter in detail, opinions are divided as to the desirableness of a three-inch contest or a handicapped event open to all cars without restrictions. I, in common with those who ardently desire a furtherance of motor sport in the Isle of Man, hope that the committee will banish any idea of a mixed handicapped race. Motor-car handicapping is a farce. The repeated attempts of the Brooklands authorities to bring cars together on a known course and by the light of numerous trials have proved this; and if success cannot be attained in this way, how is it possible to hope for anything like satisfaction with such a hotch-potch as a mixed race in the Isle of Man must assuredly be?

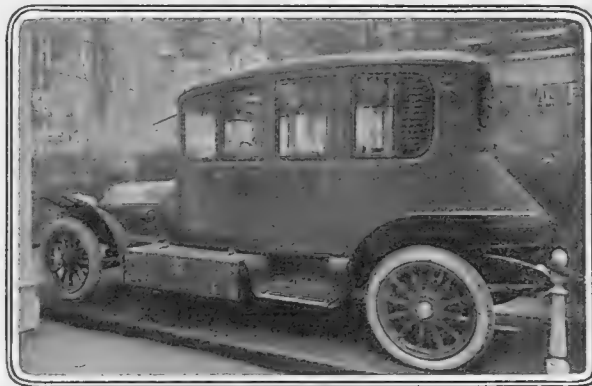
Three-Inch Cylinders and Amateurs.

It is, I think, obvious that the "three-inch" race—that is to say, a race confined to cars propelled by engines of four cylinders of not over three inches in bore, and perhaps with some limit of stroke, would provoke the best, most satisfactory, and most instructive competition. But it would have to be confined one way or the other—to amateurs or the trade. The former cannot be expected to order and enter cars for participation in an event where many of the competitors are backed up by wealthy corporations, and have whole factories at their beck and call. I think—indeed, I feel sure—that a sufficient entry would be forthcoming from amateurs pure and simple, if care were taken that no entrant should or could enjoy a preponderance of skilled assistance. This could easily be controlled, and a fine sporting race would result. The Douglas people are more than keen for a show of the kind, and if a field is forthcoming, the event is a certainty. The special committee at Douglas are anxious to receive support and hear all news.

The Derbyshire Club Rebuked.

One cannot but regret the attitude adopted by the Royal Automobile Club in reference to the praiseworthy suggestions made by the Derbyshire and North Stafford Club in respect to concentration in the matter of work for the motoring cause. The sole idea of the petitioners, so far as I can divine, was merely to avoid the present overlapping of the work hitherto performed or attempted to be performed by the three bodies. The suggestions of the club

referred to the duties and work which should devolve entirely on the R.A.C. and those which should fall within the province of the now amalgamated bodies. In lieu of accepting these proposals in the manner intended, the R.A.C. appears to regard the action of the Derbyshire and North Stafford Club as an act of rebellion, has called for an explanation, and has asked the D. and N. S. C. to withdraw its circular, as the R.A.C. appears to think that the proposition should first have been brought before the General Committee of the R.A.C. and its associated clubs. It may be that the Derbyshire men felt that, in view of matters that have gone before, such a proceeding would have been but lost endeavour.



WITH BODY NAMED AFTER AN OLD COACH—BUT A FAST, NOT A SLOW, COACH: A 30-H.P. FIAT, WITH BODY OF THE CAROSSE TYPE.

Photograph by Rol.

Resignation no Remedy.

The action of the R.A.C. in this matter has resulted in the resignation of the chairman, the treasurer, and certain prominent members of the presumably offending club—a step adjudged at the moment to be somewhat hasty and ill-advised. They had succeeded in drawing public attention to an undesirable state of things in a particularly prominent manner, and it would have been better for the cause they evidently have at heart had they stuck to their guns and braved the official displeasure of 119, Piccadilly. Notwithstanding the call for an explanation and the protest of the parent body, the Derbyshire reformers may rest assured that the bulk of the R.A.C. membership is actually with them in the views they take of the conflict of interests. Their resignation has served no good purpose, and, being now out of office, they lack the power to persevere with an excellent crusade, most excellently begun.

Tests for a Doctor's Car.

Many and ingenious are the ways and methods adopted to demonstrate the luxury, comfort, smoothness, and flexibility of the modern motor-car. A few days ago, and in order to show the suitability of a 15-h.p. Napier landaulette for the use of a medical man, a penny was balanced on edge on the radiator-cap, with the engine running at about half speed, and pigeons were lured by bread-crumbs to feed right close up to and under the exhaust. Also while driving over diverse samples of Metropolitan roads at twenty miles per hour, a passenger was able to write clearly and legibly on a pad held on his knee the while. The above tests were afforded to show the suitability of this car for a doctor's use, as it is often necessary for a medical man



DRIVEN FORWARD BY PROPELLERS THAT BEAT THE AIR: A CURIOUS MOTOR-SLEIGH.

Photographs by L.N.A. and G.P.U.

to save time and to make notes when driving from one patient to another; while it is imperative that the engine may be left to run outside a patient's house without annoyance of any kind.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

'Ware Floods.

The remarkably wet season sets one a-thinking. With floods about, racing was impossible at Birmingham, Windsor, and other low-lying centres. Then why not change the venue and carry on sport on top of the hills? The worst of it is, jumping races to be interesting must be contested on a round course, so Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes are barred; but it would be possible to run a jumping meeting at Epsom. Indeed, many years ago jumping did take place there. However, now a fixture would claim big support, as it may be said to be the head training-centre for jumpers, and local owners would without a doubt freely patronise the home meeting. A big crowd could be safely looked for, especially among the free and open division, who would muster in their thousands on the opposite side of the hill, while the rings and stands should draw a crowd sufficiently large to pay expenses. Perhaps Mr. H. M. Dorling would object to having the Derby course cut up; but I do not think much

harm would be done to it, while the fences could be removed and the ground remade long before the Epsom Spring Meeting took place. Jumping meetings at Epsom would, I am sure, in time be a big draw, especially if sufficiently valuable prizes were offered to attract some of our best performers, and the amateur riders would be glad

Conditions.

I noticed, quite by accident, that a race to be run at Newton Abbot on Boxing Day had conditions which occupied sixteen lines in the *Racing Calendar*, while there were only four entries. It was a hunters' steeplechase, which may to a great extent account for the space named to explain matters to would-be nominators. All the same, I think the time has arrived to simplify conditions, as owners of horses really have neither the time nor inclination to wade through columns of intricate reading before they make their entries. Mr. George Verrall, ex-M.P. for Newmarket, used to be very fond of lengthy conditions; but I think he has become a reformer in that respect. In these days of electric wires and motor-cars, everything should be done that could reasonably be done to save time, and I am certain that the unintelligible biennials and triennials run at some meetings suffer terribly through not being understood by the majority of owners. It can be taken for granted that there is no room for any race that requires so much technical matter to introduce it. "Call a spade a spade" would be a capital motto to be followed by all racing officials when they invite entries for their meetings. Many owners do not like racing technique, and they positively decline to make this part of their education. They go for the handicaps because they can understand them; but biennials and triennials, and any races with unfathomable conditions, they pass by. Of course, the time will come when the clerk of the scales will tell every owner before weighing-out time the exact impost his horse should carry in weight-for-age races.

the late Tom White, who was a real good judge of pace. But the moral of it all is that a good selling steeplechaser might easily win the Grand National.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



NOT FAVOURITES WITH THE ARMY HORSES; BUT OF GREAT USE: BRITISH ARMY CAMELS WATERING AT A TROUGH.

The camel is by no means a favourite with the Army horse, or, indeed, with any other horse, and causes it great repugnance; yet, for military purposes, it can be very useful. The photograph shows transport camels of the King's African Rifles.

to perform at the meeting. On a course like that at Epsom steeplechasing could be carried on throughout the year with perfect safety, and if the managers wanted to make money they could run a jumping meeting on the August Bank Holiday and the following day.

'Chasers. It is a pity that something cannot be done to make selling steeplechases more popular. The fields are small, and the same animals run week in and week out during the season, with varying results. I could have purchased Gamecock for £200 a long time before that horse ran for and won the Grand National; while some time previous to the horse being offered to me I might have claimed him out of a selling race, but he always walked lame on his off hind-leg after running in a race, and this prevented people from buying him. I had the refusal of Manifesto for £2500 before he was bought by Mr. Bulteel, who won the Grand National with him, this being the horse's second victory in the race. Manifesto fell at the very first fence the first time he ran for the Grand National, although his owner, Mr. Dyas, had backed him heavily, and he started favourite. A well-known authority once told me that, in his opinion, any 'chaser that could get over the Grand National course safely was worth £1000. I don't quite agree with this, although it is possible for a good jumper to win this race even though he be a moderate horse. Take the case of Old Joe; he could not possibly have succeeded had either of the twelve horses in front of him when starting the second round stood up. He was as slow as a coach-horse, yet the time for his win is given as a best on record. Why, I could never make out. It may have been that my old friend, the late Billy Innes, who had the clock that day, mistook the starting-signal or did not set his watch going through some accident. Anyway, I thought the race was a very slowly run one; so did



THE GRAVE OF "BEWARE CHALK PIT"; AN EXTRA-ORDINARY MONUMENT TO A HORSE, NEAR FARLEY, IN HAMPSHIRE.

There is a chamber inside the monument in which is a slab containing an inscription which gives the history of a remarkable horse in the following words: "Underneath lies buried a horse, the property of Paulet St. John, Esq., that in the month of September 1733 leapt into a chalk-pit, twenty-five feet deep, a fox-hunting with his master on his back. And in October 1734 he won the Hunters' Plate on Worthy Downs, and was rode by his owner and entered in the name of "Beware Chalk Pit." That the inscription is still to be seen is due to the fact that it was renewed by the Rt. Hon. Sir William Heathcote, Bart., in 1870.

Photograph by E. J. Lavell.



IN WORKMANLIKE ATTIRE: THE ARCHDUCHESS AUGUSTINE, WIFE OF THE ARCHDUKE JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA, HUNTING WILD BOAR IN HUNGARY.

Before her marriage the Archduchess was Princess Augustine of Bavaria.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Charge of the New Light Brigade.

It will be an intrepid five hundred who will try to charge the entrenched position of the English aristocracy. They will have to begin by braving a volley of popular ridicule if they accept peerages under the proposed party scheme, for inextinguishable laughter will greet the

wholesale ennobling of such a regiment. Now there might reasonably be a hundred individuals eminently fit to be made peers, but what about the other four hundred, and their, no doubt, estimable and domestic wives? What sort of existence, socially, will be in store for these ladies, and what kind of untoward fate will be theirs at the hands of a Conservative and hereditary aristocracy? It is not unthinkable that they will be "frozen out," and that London Society (now so tolerant and eager only to be amused) will divide itself up into camps and coteries not unlike those



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DAINTY AND DISTINGUÉE: AN EVENING DRESS OF SOFT SATIN BRAIDED WITH BEADS AND PEARLS. (For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

which make Paris, nowadays, so uncomfortable a capital from a social point of view. We may be quite certain the great ladies of our feudal aristocracy, whether Whig or Tory, will not take such an alarming accession of "nobodies" to their charmed circle without protest, and that there will be some terrifying experiences in store for the new wearers of coronets. Possibly, like Rome, which has a Black and a White society, London will be definitely split in twain, which will add enormously to the social complications with which we are already familiar.

Lord Chatham and His Loves.

The loves of great statesmen are of sempiternal interest, for only in the attitude of the amorist can we catch them really in a natural and wholly human mood. Disraeli, in his springtime, seems to have spent the whole force of his youthful passion on the mysterious "Henrietta," though his steady and constant affection was lavished on his clever and admiring sister. So, also, the great Lord Chatham had a young sister of whom he was touchingly fond, and to whom he wrote the only really ingenuous and charming letters he ever penned. But in Lord Rosebery's recent masterly "Life" there is scant evidence of any serious love affairs of the young and ambitious Pitt. And yet he was handsome, slender, elegant, with a beautiful voice, a piercing eye, and a histrionic manner which could not fail to impress the Fair. Notwithstanding all these attractions, he kept himself single until he had reached the somewhat unromantic age of forty-six, when he made an essentially reasonable marriage with a lady of thirty-three (a terrible age for a spinster in the eighteenth century), but who, being a Grenville, cemented still further his connection with the clique of his youth. He had one or two youthful fancies, we know, but want of money always prevented a marriage; but still—given that handsome and imposing person of genius—one would have expected to hear more of the sound and fury of passion in a memoir of his younger years.

The Abhorred Breakfast.

A somewhat primitive American visitor has been airing his impressions on English country-house hospitality in the *Lady's Realm*, and the rigidity and propriety of our domestic servants, the disconcerting absence of introductions, the cold in the houses, and the "tin sheets" he was put to sleep between, all, it seems, added to his woe. But what surprised him most was the casual and perfunctory manner in which breakfast is eaten in the country. He thinks that the modern Englishman is ashamed of wanting any sustenance at all of a morning, that it is considered "a low meal," at which the rigid servants are not even required to assist. He is immensely surprised that you are expected to stroll to the sideboard, and help yourself to what is there, and consume your portion something after the manner of a tiger in the "Zoo," alone, in a corner, growling over a bone. Certainly our compatriots are not at their best or their most hilarious at nine-thirty on a winter morning, and the substitution of the French breakfast at noon would add enormously to the gaiety of English house-parties. But our American critic should not forget to mention that in the Land of the Stars and Stripes the usual breakfast time is at the appalling hour of eight a.m., when you are expected to partake of a gargantuan feast beginning with grape-fruit and ending with what we should call pancakes and treacle!

To Abolish the Domestic Hearth.

If the scientists have their way, and abolish the open grate and the friendly, blazing fire, we may as well say good-bye to domesticity for good and all. No two people ever sat and exchanged confidences in front of an electric radiator, and as to steam-heated rooms, with no visible flame at which to "warm both hands," to use the poet's phrase, they only make us long to go and riot and waste our substance out of doors. The genial, kindly fire and the chimney-piece, on which we English have for centuries placed those objects for which we most care, and the portraits and miniatures which are most dear to us, are an essential part of our home and its associations; so we must let no vandal hand, even in the name of hygiene, disturb a temple in which are enshrined some of the best qualities of our race.



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THE ICE-MAIDEN: A SMART SKATING-COSTUME WITH A MOLESKIN TOQUE AND STOLE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Real Fun. Christmas over and a small space allowed for physical and mental digestion, the enjoyable part of the holidays is here. The pantomime parties (what pleasure they give, and politics have not interfered with them!) dances, hunting, and all the fun of the season in the country. It may be said that I am becoming Frenchified and want to make more of the New Year than of Christmas because I anticipate it with greater joy. The election did for Father Christmas; the poor old dear was hustled—an American process that he does not understand. The parents of his godchildren—all the young folk in Great Britain—were anxious and upset, and so he was quite unable to fulfil his wonted task in his usual thorough manner. Besides, the spirit of his geniality and good-will got worsted in some measure by the malign spirit of political strife, and so we must now forget all about politics until Parliament is opened and have a good time.

None or Too Many. By way of not following my own advice, I begin about the new outlook for the Peeresses. Are there to be none or too many? A Peeress whose coronet belongs to a creation post-Flood and pre-Georgian is very exercised in her mind about the Coronation. She says she never could consent to raise her eight silver balls, in honour of the Queen's crowning, in company with those of Peeresses who had previously been accustomed to display three golden balls outside their establishments! Furthermore, she declares her intention of always calling them "press-gang Peeresses," which seems a little unfair, since I am quite sure that pressure will not be required to induce them to accept such blushing honours if they are offered. An old and utilitarian couplet runs, "If ifs, and ands were pots and pans, there'd be no need for tinkers." Methinks there will be no need for a thousand new coronets and a thousand fresh sets of robes, happy as jewellers and modistes would be to supply them!

The Use of Old Masters. We get a certain amount of credit for

artistic acumen because we flock to exhibitions of old masters. I cannot answer for all, but a considerable number of women in my own small sphere make for all portrait shows with a view of finding something adaptable to present-day wear in the clothes of the subjects. The comments, too, in a gallery point to this object being fairly general. "That little chain worn across the lace on the cap is sweet. I can do that quite well; I'll wear it at the New Year dinner." "What a deevy way to put the fur on." "I could wear red if I could get it like that." "Oh, no clothes!" This of a superb nude figure, which was vouchsafed no second glance. There is something very egotistical about this view of Art, but when really clever women adapt their clothes, or those they make for others, from old pictures the result is a distinct gain to the community.

The Passing of the Petticoat. Doubtless, when the rain descends on our heads and the mud ascends to our ankles, the less material there is round those ankles the better for comfort and cleanliness. There is, however, a mean, skimpy look about a number of smart women as they walk about their rooms, or up a church at a fashionable wedding, or round a picture-gallery with a narrow skirt and manifestly no petticoat underneath. There was something generous as well as dainty about the underskirt, and one is sorry that it has passed.

Superstitious Vanities. I imagine that the season has passed for few without the giving or receiving of something to propitiate good or divert evil fortune. Always superstition has a fascination for us, nor do I mean for my sex, but for humanity. A rich woman whom I know was left a legacy the other day by a friend, also a mascot, a piece of a wisdom-tooth—whose, I don't know—set in gold. Keen as she was about the legacy, the mascot—to my mind a particularly offensive one—pleased her more. She went to fetch it, and actually believes that since she has had it everything has gone better with her than before. Mascots that one buys—quaint, pretty things—I always like, though I don't in the least believe in them; but those with disagreeable associations I would burn. Since her return home the new proprietress of the toothy trophy has had her house flooded, which is hardly to be regarded as a fortunate event.

Hunting the Sun. So scarce is sunshine in this country that a larger number of Britons than usual are engaged in a winter sun-hunt, and intend spending Christmas in the South. I know this because I am a follower in the same hunt, and found it difficult to obtain berths in the Mediterranean Express, even though they were booked some days ago. However, 'tis done, and 'ere these words are printed I shall be at Cannes. Only a flying visit, however, as I shall see the New Year in on the same express coming back. Next week's paragraphs may be devoted to Christmas at Cannes!

Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith publish over 200 varieties of their well-known diaries for the office, the desk, or the pocket, and with each is given an insurance coupon for £1000. Fastidious indeed must be the diarist who cannot find, among these two hundred of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and prices, one to suit his particular fancy. It is, in fact, impossible that such a person should exist. Some of the diaries are of a utilitarian character, suitable for commercial purposes; others are daintily bound in various kinds of fancy leather, and would make most acceptable presents. Particularly neat and handy are the "Found at Once" self-registering pocket-diaries, so arranged that the pencil is kept at the page that has last been used. The needs of housewives and housekeepers are provided for in the Housekeeper's Diary, a daily register of family expenses for twelve months, and the Large Quarto Housekeeper's Account Book and Diary. Messrs. Smith's Diaries, in short, appear to meet every possible requirement.

Methodical people who keep a record of their engagements or their daily doings, and prudent folk who wish at the same time to insure themselves against accidents, are familiar with the advantages of Letts's famous diaries. These excellent productions are made in all varieties of size and shape and binding, from a minute waistcoat pocket edition to the ample space of Letts's larger Rough Diary and Scribbling Diary. For those who take diary-keeping really seriously, for literary or reminiscent purposes, the No. 8, 1911 Diary is just the thing. It is very solidly bound, and gives a page to every day. It also contains over one hundred pages of useful general information, and cash-lined pages for accounts at the end. Letts's Diaries have for the last twenty years been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Special editions are prepared for use in Australasia, India, South Africa, and the Colonies. An insurance coupon is given with each diary, and to the holders of such coupons £3500 has already been paid in claims by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.



G.W.R. SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE LINE, NEWLY APPOINTED AND RETIRING: MR. CHARLES ALDINGTON (LEFT) AND MR. JOSEPH MORRIS (RIGHT).

The Directors of the Great Western Railway Company have appointed Mr. Charles Aldington as Superintendent of the Line in succession to Mr. J. R. Morris, who is retiring. Except for three years (1899-1902), when he was Traffic Superintendent of the Great Central, Mr. Aldington has been in the service of the G.W.R. continuously since 1876, and for the last six years has been Assistant Superintendent of the Line. He has had exceptional experience, and has studied railway practice both in Europe and America.—(Photographs by Elliott and Fry.)

Though hardly to be classed among the "rag-books" for which Messrs. Dean and Son are famous, the august "Debrett" is also published by that firm. If there is no ragging in "Debrett's Peerage," however, there is an immense amount of romance, gravely and genealogically set forth, and also a vast store of biographical information. The newly issued edition for 1911 is of exceptional interest, of course, on account of the changes in the Royal Family and their entourage consequent on the death of King Edward. A highly interesting and useful Preface discusses these matters and others connected with the Accession and coming Coronation of King George, including the creation of the Prince of Wales, Birthday Honours, Precedence, and Coronation Robes. All sorts of questions that crop up regarding titles and ceremonies can be solved by a reference to "Debrett." It has, too, enabled Mr. William de Morgan to enrich the language with a new word—"Debretticent"—applied to any one whose behaviour is well-bred. Political matters such as the Reform of the House of Lords are also touched upon. The new Parliament will be dealt with in the 1911 edition of "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench."

It is difficult to imagine what people did in the old days before "Who's Who" came into existence. That, indeed, was over sixty years ago, but, as Horace has remarked, "vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," and there must have been celebrities it was necessary to know about even in days when there was no Hall Caine or Bernard Shaw. Nowadays one is brought up at every turn by the question, "Who is he?" or, "What has she done?" and one instinctively reaches out one's hand for the adjacent copy of "Who's Who" in order to solve the problem, as it invariably enables one to do. In fact, "Who's Who" has taken its place as an institution, along with the Tube, and the Taxi and the Telephone, and is, like them, an indispensable accessory to life as it is lived to-day. Therefore it is good to see the 1911 edition emerging spick and span in its nice red cover from the offices of Messrs. Black.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11.

A CORRESPONDENT of ours applied a few days ago to a well-known firm of brokers for advice as to the reinvestment of some £10,000, and sends us the following extract from the reply he received. The brokers seem to have taken so much trouble to find reasonably good securities for our correspondent, and their letter embodies so much common-sense, that we offer no apology to our readers for giving them the benefit of the advice, which we believe to be thoroughly sound. It is so seldom that City men take the trouble to look beyond the immediate market prospects, or to consider the intrinsic merits of the investments they recommend, that when we come across a case in which trouble has been taken, and brains and care have been exercised, we feel grateful both to our correspondent and to the firm in question.

In accordance with your request, we suggest to you the following securities, which we consider safe and attractive at their present respective prices—

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway 4½ Per Cent. Convertible Bonds.—The system comprises 1937 miles. The Company's total net income available for fixed charges, and the surplus over and above the fixed charges, for the last five years, are as follows—

		Net Income available for Fixed Charges. Dols.		Surplus after Fixed Charges. Dols.
1906	..	9,272,000	..	4,607,000
1907	..	8,584,000	..	3,393,000
1908	..	8,566,000	..	2,784,000
1909	..	10,110,000	..	4,011,000
1910	..	12,520,000	..	6,290,000

The Company has paid dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 1 per cent. from 1901 to 1908, 2 per cent. for 1909, and 4½ per cent. for 1910, and dividends are now being paid at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The Common shares stand at 79½. The bonds are convertible into shares from 1911 to 1920, and are due in 1930. Interest due February and August. At their present price of 94½ (plus accrued interest) they yield about 5 per cent. As the present earnings available for fixed charges cover the interest on the bonds nearly six times, we consider them a safe investment, and the free option of conversion into Common shares until 1920 makes them attractive.

Missouri Pacific Railway 5 per Cent. First and Refunding Mortgage Convertible Bonds.—The system comprises 6992 miles. The Company's total net income available for fixed charges, and the surplus remaining after fixed charges are paid are, for the last five years, as follows—

		Net Income available for Fixed Charges. Dols.		Surplus after Fixed Charges. Dols.
1905	..	16,073,273	..	5,432,178
1906	..	17,843,327	..	6,329,015
1907	..	19,471,555	..	7,698,103
1908	..	15,467,713	..	2,985,716
1909	..	14,153,073	..	1,064,509

The Company has an issued capital of 83,251,000 dols., and dividends have been paid at the rate of 2½ per cent. for 1901, and 5 per cent. from 1902 to 1908. These shares, quoted at 46, were at one time over 100. The Company has now put a good deal of money back into the property with a view to eventually reaching a lower transportation cost, which would enable it in due course to resume the payments on its Ordinary shares. The Bonds are convertible into shares from 1912 to 1932, and are due in 1959. Interest due March and September. The Bonds seem well secured and attractive. Present price 92 per cent. (plus accrued interest).

Mexico North-Western Railway 5 per Cent. First Mortgage Gold Bonds.—The total amount of bonds issued is £4,200,000. Interest is payable March and September. The bonds are a first mortgage on the railway and timber property of the Company. The earnings are now at a rate which covers the interest on the bonds. When the additional saw-mills have been completed and the two railway-lines have been connected (construction at present proceeding), the earnings are expected to show a large surplus over and above the bond interest. Present price, 85-86.

Imperial Chinese Government 7 per Cent. Peking-Hankow Railway Loan Bonds.—Coupon dated May 5 and Nov. 5. Bondholders are entitled to a participation in the profits of the railway. The participation distributed for the year 1909 was equal to 1½ per cent., and, after allowing for redemption, the loan yields about 5½ per cent. The earnings of the railway for the year 1910 show an increase over 1909, and the participation in the profits should be about 1½ per cent. On this basis the yield will be 7 per cent. Present price, 109 per cent.

Pachuca Light and Power 5 per Cent. First Mortgage 50 Year Bonds.—The Bonds are a first mortgage on the property, the earnings of which cover the interest on the bonds well over 1½ times, and, as they are unconditionally guaranteed by the Mexican Light and Power Company, they are considered a safe investment. At the present price of 88½ they yield about 5½ per cent.

All of the above bonds enjoy a free market on the New York or London Stock Exchange, and are easily realisable at a moment's notice.

PROSPECTS FOR 1911.

Our correspondent "Q" sends us the following interesting note giving his views of the prospects of the coming year and his opinion on the Tea, Rubber, and Nitrate situations. It is satisfactory to find that "Q" is very hopeful that the year 1911 will be more favourable for investors than the twelve months now ending, and we sincerely hope it may be so.

Markets have, speaking generally, been dull and depressed for several months, but there are not wanting signs of more activity in the near future. The causes of the recent depression are partly, no doubt, to be found in politics, but much of it has also arisen from the "malaise" which is an inevitable sequel of such a "boom" as that of last spring, and from a certain disappointment at the slow

progress going on in Johannesburg. For this last source of trouble there has been one cause, and one cause only—namely, a shortage of native labour; but from now onwards there should be a steady improvement in this particular, and consequently I look for a rapid recovery in the South African Market in the coming spring and summer. On this point I would refer your readers to the speech of Mr. Leopold Albu at the meeting of the Van Ryn Gold Mines on the 14th inst. While most markets have been marking time, however, there is one section which has lately shown considerable activity; I refer to the market in Tea shares, and more especially in Tea-cum-Rubber shares. Your readers were advised in this column to invest in some of the best of these Companies a year ago at prices less than half, in most cases, those now ruling, and should now find themselves in a very satisfactory condition. So far as can be foreseen, however, a still higher range of quotations is probable in the course of the next year or two, and the shares which have been especially recommended here, such as *Anglo-Ceylon, Ceylon Tea Plantations, Eastern Produce, Doars, Scottish Tea and Rubber Trust*, etc., should be held for higher prices. There is no doubt that, owing to the rapid increase of the consumption of tea abroad and in America, coupled with a steady expansion in this country, the demand has for the time being outstripped supply, and it is probable that during the next two years at any rate the profits of Tea Companies will be phenomenal. A rise of 1d. a lb. in tea does not sound much, but it means an increase of something like 50 per cent. in the profits of many Tea-plantation Companies. For instance, the Ceylon Tea-Plantations Company's output of tea in 1909 was 5,516,527 lb., sold at an average price of 8-33d. per lb., and resulted in a profit of rather over 2d. per lb. The Eastern Produce Company's crop was 4,807,354 lb. for the same period, sold at an average price of 7-9d. per lb., and the profit again was about 2d. per lb. In each case, an advance of 1d. per lb. in the price of tea would increase the profits by one half, while an advance of 2d. would double them. And it should be remembered that these Companies, and others, are doubling their output of rubber year by year. In quite another field there is scope for improvement in the quotations of the best of the Nitrate-producing Companies, which are now earning big profits, notwithstanding the absence of a Combination; I have lately given details of some of the more promising investments in this class. Argentina and Canada should beat all records in 1911, and the best of the Railways and Land Companies should see higher prices. In many directions, therefore, 1911 should show an improvement over the rather dismal closing months of 1910, although, unfortunately, it continues to be abroad rather than in this country that hopeful signs are to be found. Q.

Thursday, Dec. 22, 1910.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRISTOL.—See this week's Notes for the class of security you want. The best market for the Chesapeake bonds mentioned is in New York, but your broker can buy and sell them freely for you through any of the Anglo-American houses.

L. W. T.—The Company is not in any book of reference we can find; but if you want us to find out if it is in liquidation we can do so at Somerset House. In that case you must send us one shilling to pay search-fee.

H. E. R.—The report will be out in February, with the audited accounts. It is generally thought that more profit will be shown than last year.

MORTGAGE.—You must give six months' notice calling in the money.

NOTE.—In consequence of Christmas, we again go to press early, and trust correspondents will forgive us if their letters are unanswered.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury these should go close; Reading Steeplechase, Clyduff; Suffolk Steeplechase, The Whelp; Didcot Hurdle, Viz; Berkshire Hurdle, Woolley; Moderate Hurdle, Dick Dunn; Wroughton Hurdle, Dalila. At Hurst Park I like these: Three-Year-Old Hurdle, Fun; Suffolk National Hunt Flat Race, Domino; Old Year Steeplechase, Le Viso; Surrey Hurdle, Himan; Richmond Hurdle, Master Bill. At Manchester I like Pitsea for the New Year Hurdle, and Flaxen for the Manchester Steeplechase.

THE OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS RUGBY TEAM.

(See Illustrations.)

FOR many years have the Old Merchant Taylors occupied a prominent position in the world of Rugby football. There was a time when they suffered from a paucity of good backs. Their forwards were ever famous; indeed, a decade ago, the Taylors were known as a team who attacked almost entirely by means of their forwards, and left their backs to concentrate themselves on defensive work. Season after season, however, they lost almost as many matches as they won. In 1900-1 came the great change. In twenty-four engagements they gained seventeen victories and sustained only four defeats, the other three games being drawn. In the following year they beat Cardiff, among a number of formidable rivals, and since that period the all-round excellence of the Old Merchant Taylors has been upheld. Their present fifteen are playing a lot of fine football, albeit without much luck. For a long time the outstanding personality in their side has been that of J. E. Raphael, who, unfortunately, may never again be seen on a Rugby football field. He has started on a tour round the world, and it is doubtful whether, when he returns, he will resume the game. In his last appearance, which was against Cambridge University, on November 26, he showed brilliant form at three-quarter, a position in which he has represented England on nine occasions. Last season, he figured at full-back, and was one of the soundest players ever seen in that rôle. G. Sanders is now the Taylors' full-back. C. T. O'Callaghan, who represented Ireland twice last season, and W. C. Allen, the Oxonian, are both Merchant Taylors three-quarters, so that the strength of the side in the back department is well maintained. W. Haines and G. L. M. Warne are notable members of a fine pack.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, having left the prose of politics, is likely enough to heighten his reputation in literature. After the politician—the poet! Mr. Belloc's new volume of verse has some capital stuff in it, especially his hilarious cannonading of the Don "who dared attack my Chesterton." And now he has in his pocket the manuscript of a volume of sonnets, which his friends who know declare to be a serious addition to our compositions in that kind. Mr. Belloc loves to use his feet in life as well as in literature. George Meredith used to say that he never composed so well as when he walked, his step keeping time with the feet of his verse. And Mr. Belloc has the same sentiment; so it is good to know he has lately been on a tramp in Brittany with the most romantic literary man still in the

House of Commons for the best of all good company—Mr. George Wyndham; and a crop of verse will be the result.

The prophets in the world of politics make remarkable appearances just before election times. It used to be Mr. Chamberlain who was referred to in drawing-rooms just after election times as having predicted the results almost to a unit; and now it is Mr. Lloyd George. Less of prophecy and more of prescience enters into the predictions now offered as to the coming events of the session. But the Carlton, these dark days, is full of the shadows which coming events cast before. That the Peers are to accept the situation and to refrain from throwing out the Government Bill is now the accepted prediction of a majority of old Parliamentary hands. And there are daring ones who talk of a Coalition: Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour as Lord Privy Seal in the same Administration—an Administration from which Mr. Lloyd George is to be excluded, and Winston too! It sounds like a nightmare. But a prophecy, to be worth anything, must at least have its element of the unexpected.

Mrs. Charles Hunter has deserted her stately house in Old Burlington Street and her new Essex home, which has taken a couple of years to rebuild and to beautify, and has gone to Egypt for the winter. But not to the desert! On almost the first day of her arrival for "rest" she was lured forth to a dinner-party given in honour of Lord Kitchener. Other travellers are not going to eat Christmas dinners such as Cairo provides in exact imitation of London's. Mr. Henniker Heaton, released from Parliamentary turmoils, will be on the high seas. What the former member for Canterbury, whose efforts have added to the letter-writing of the world, with charming inconsistency, looked out for, before he left London, was the land which has the fewest post-offices.

Horses, to the Horsley Beresfords, are matters of life and death. It was at an Alexandra Park Race Meeting a few months ago that the late Lord Decies fell ill, to die within an hour or two. And now his younger brother, the present Baron, has fallen head over heels at the great New York Horse Show—head over heels in love. That, next to a horseshoe and horse show, is the luckiest thing on earth, is naturally his confirmed belief. A great rider and most capable soldier, he captained the bevy of British officers who have done so well in America. Miss Vivien Gould witnessed the band, and ticked off some of the neatest exploits on her card—and they were his! After her marriage Miss Gould will spend most of her time in England, where, among other things, she is sure to make fast friends with the incomparable cats of Lady Decies, Lord Decies' sister-in-law. The Gould capitalists are hardly more numerous or the Gould pearls more precious.





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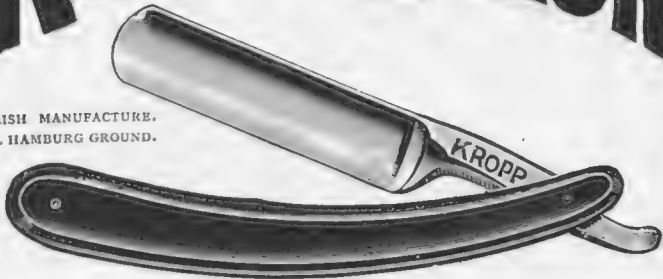
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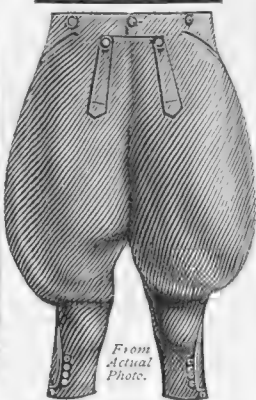
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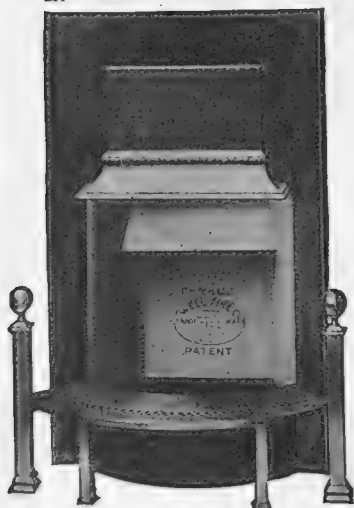
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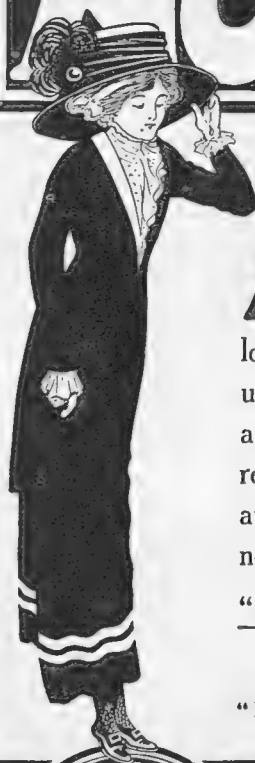
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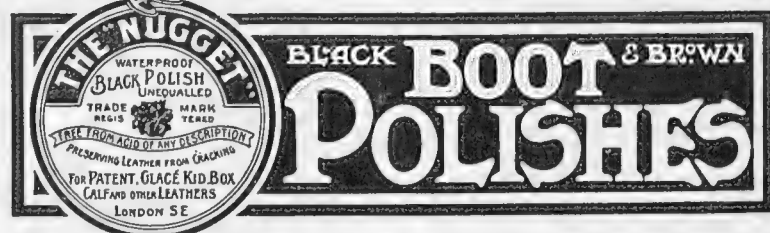
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"Babes in the Wood."

By B. M. CROKER.
(Methuen.)

Always a glowing and mysterious background, India will never cease to be an effective setting for the solid, obvious English virtues of pluck, endurance, and humour. As these are exhibited entirely within one class, the official one, civil or military, much is already determined: one knows the kind of people likely to be met; it is as safe as a club or a first-class railway-carriage. And the spectacle never palls of these public-school, tubbing Western conquerors in the act of governing this corner of the East, so brilliant, so shifty, and so subtle. Everything is gained, therefore, when the "forest primæval" turns out to be the Indian jungle, and the "Babes" resolve themselves into the conservators, engineers, and others who live there to exploit and preserve it. The story opens with the arrival of a new Conservator of Forests. Philip Trafford is of the *crème de la crème* of his type; candid, reserved, and ardent, coloured all through with the instinctive integrity which comes of a long heredity of ease and education. A certain grit and youthful pride had rejected his mother's plan of an expensive cavalry career, and helped him to the choice of a less showy, if more intellectual job. Birds and beasts and butterflies had always attracted him; they lured him now to the exuberant life, the steaming airs, and the green twilight of the Indian jungle. Trafford's settlement in his new quarters, a melancholy, sinister bungalow, alone and solitary at the forest edge, is a gloomy start for so much enthusiasm. His predecessor, Frost, mad with loneliness and drink and malaria, had cut his throat in the bathroom, full of spiders and empty whisky-bottles. The air is dank and haunted by the tragedy. No one can sleep in the adjoining bedroom. So the relief is the reader's as well as Trafford's when the place is condemned from a scientific and sanitary standpoint, and Trafford himself lodged in comparative comfort with the other Babes at the settlement of Chandi. The little official circle there is convincingly drawn. Their humours and destinies involved with Indian civilian life make an attractive story, a story alive with English sentiment and English effort; gay as life will permit, and at times deliciously weird with the glamour of remote tropical mysteries.

"A Question of Marriage."

By MRS. GEORGE DE
HORNE VAIZEY.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Before many pages have been turned the question of marriage resolves itself into a question of celibacy. Vanna Strangeways had a fatal family history; madness appeared in it as gout or red hair characterises others. Therefore, a great specialist tells her that never, never must she perpetuate it. For herself even, the results of marriage might awaken the terror. Yet subsequently he and others declare her to be the sanest as well as the sweetest specimen of her sex. Mrs. Vaizey's book reveals the alternate effort and despair of the tragic situation, and running parallel with this enforced celibacy she has drawn an ideal marriage. It is a delicate study of matrimonial life made quite frankly from the woman's standpoint. In almost daily intercourse with this adoring husband and devoted wife, Vanna learns some of her bitterest lessons, and finds much also to console. When she sees the happy wife and mother depressed because the curtains have come home badly dyed, and plaintive over the servant question, she returns to her lonely kingdom convinced that happiness is from within, not at all a matter of externals. If the philosophy seems a little thin, it is also certain that Vanna's need was as desperate as her nature was brave. The quiet story glows with the heat of her battle, so honourably and humanly fought. Her spectral engagement—none could grudge her its shadowy joys; her determined unselfishness, her resolute sharing of alien grief or happiness would endear her to the least responsive world. Mrs. Vaizey knows a great deal about good women; she knows, too, that in weakness, in moral weakness as truly as in strength, do they live and move. "Miggles"—who always made the Litany plead "from battle, murder, and lingering death," "not that I wish to put myself above the Prayer Book, my dear, but a long expensive illness is a great drag; I've no claim on anyone; I'd be so ashamed"—Miggles is an altogether delightful portrait. But why does the famous doctor appear at different times under different names—first, as Forbes and then as Greatman? In future editions this might be corrected.

"A Large Room."

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.
(Heinemann.)

As we are told that "the key to Amaza was with God," it becomes necessary to turn to her lovers for what solution may be made. Amaza is Mrs. DudENEY's decidedly unpleasant heroine. Her temperament and heart suggest the "large room" of the title, never satisfactorily furnished. "I must get some things and fill myself up," said Amaza. And she did; with lovers. The girl who runs from home to seek shelter with a chance acquaintance in his St. James' Street club, while her devoted nurse kept a boarding-house round the corner in Jermyn Street, is likely to end badly. And Amaza is only saved as by blood and fire of the Salvation Army, on the last page. Or so it appears; though there is a wilful Meredithian manner to the telling of Amaza's story, which makes for obscurity. The kindest comment must be that she was fatally unfortunate in her choice of furniture. There are no fine shades in Amaza's world—white or black, good or bad, as pronounced as her own red rippling hair on "the finest, most glorious head in London."

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS: MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

(See Page 357.)

"WHEN can you see me? I shall be here all day and nearly all night." Those were Mr. Arthur Collins's words when the representative of *The Sketch* asked what time it would be convenient to call in connection with the Illustrated Interview which appears on another page. The all-day and all-night business had already lasted more than a fortnight, and another fortnight remained during which the same hours would prevail—only more so—for the hour of stopping work one day approaches the hour of beginning it the next as Christmas draws nearer.

The preparation of the pantomime thus involves about five weeks of the hardest labour on the part of Mr. Collins and the chief members of the Drury Lane staff. As a matter of fact, however, work began on it as early as last March, when Mr. Collins, with Mr. Hickory Wood and Mr. Frank Dix, began to arrange the scenario and write the book. A famous actor and one of the most brilliant dramatists of the last century, the late Dion Boucicault, whose work holds a distinguished place in the annals of Drury Lane, once formulated the *mot*, "Plays are not written; they are rewritten." This is certainly the case with the Drury Lane pantomime. At all the rehearsals, Mr. Collins and his two collaborators sit like modern Jack Horners putting in their thumbs and fingers—with a blue pencil between them—and taking out plums because they think they are not the best brain-fruit obtainable for Drury Lane's enormous Christmas pudding. Sometimes, after the pudding has been sampled by the public, those rejected plums have been deftly put back again, and are found to be perfectly splendid, and far better than some that were left in. On more than one occasion, too, in the process of "rewriting" it has been found necessary to take out whole scenes.

The two chief features of the pantomime are to be the development of the comic and poetic sides. How up-to-date is the adaptation of the famous story is seen when it is stated that the name of the cow is "Metchnikoff," because she gives sour milk. The King has gout, and goes to stay at Jack's mother's farm in order to get his gout cured by the sour-milk treatment. Puck, who with all the other fairies out of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," appears in the pantomime, puts a spell on the cow which turns the milk sweet, so that the King gets worse instead of better. This leads to the eviction of the owners from the farm, and so to the necessity of selling the cow. Mrs. Hallybut and Jack determine to disguise it. They accordingly set to work to paint it, with results which may be seen on every hoarding in town.

Not less humorous is the idea of the Giant, who should surely have been called the "Giant Bit-er Bit," for he is only seen a bit at a time. Each bit extends from the stage to the flies, and is between forty and fifty feet in height. As the first bit seen is only up to his knee, it is easy to calculate that if he were represented standing erect he would probably be at least 140 or 150 feet high, and he is broad in proportion.

Before the pantomime is over many humorous incidents will, no doubt, have taken place. Whatever may happen on Boxing Night, there is certain to be no repetition of an incident which occurred during the last pantomime in which the late Dan Leno appeared. In speaking of this, Mr. Collins remarked pathetically, "I am blamed every year for prolonging the pantomime to undue lengths on Boxing Night, but those gentlemen who begin their notices with the time-honoured phrase, 'It was past midnight when the curtain fell,' have no idea of the difficulties, many of them entirely unforeseen, with which I have to contend. I remember suggesting to Dan Leno that he could get a good deal of fun if, in a certain scene, he introduced a harp with indiarubber strings instead of real ones, but he professed not to be able to see anything in the idea."

"As I was leaving the stage-door on the afternoon of Boxing Day, I was surprised to see Dan drive up with various boxes piled on a four-wheeled cab, and on the top of them a large harp, which he proceeded to carry into the theatre and into his dressing-room. 'Hullo, Dan,' I said, 'so you are going to introduce the harp, after all.' He shook his head, and assured me he had not the slightest intention of doing so, and had only brought the harp back to return it to the property-room. I am perfectly positive that at that time he told the actual truth, and he had not the slightest idea of using the harp. You can judge of my horror when, sitting in my box, I saw Dan walk on to the stage at about a quarter past eleven, dragging the harp behind him. He put it in front of him, sat down, and began to sing. I need not tell you that neither the song nor the business had been rehearsed, and poor Jimmy Glover had to vamp an accompaniment in the orchestra on the spur of the moment. How he kept the band going at all has been a mystery to me ever since that night, for Dan Leno had no more idea of what he was going to do the next moment than Glover had. As it happened, the audience shrieked with laughter, with the result that this particular unrehearsed interlude delayed the performance over three-quarters of an hour, and I was accused of giving the public too much for their money."

To do that is impossible. Giving the public full value for its money is, however, the basis on which every success is built, and Mr. Collins's brilliant record at Drury Lane during the fourteen years in which he has directed its fortunes is confirmatory proof of the wisdom of the policy he has always adopted.



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